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PLAYBOY

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See DICK CLARK on "American Bandstand" ABC Television Network

PLAYBILL

NOT LONG AGO, a thirty-nine-year-old airline executive named Leland Webb quit his job. He had worked for the airline eleven years, had received many promotions and was often assured of what is called A Bright Future. "But," says Webb, "I began to feel constantly out of breath and suffered from a strong desire to be sick all over my Bigelow. On the day before my fortieth birthday, I told my boss I would take my birthday off. He said no. I took my birthday off. Also the next day. And the next. By this time it was a habit and I never went back." What he did do was pack his bags and settle down to live modestly in a remote Florida hamlet. Among his luggage, he had included a small portable typewriter, for he had decided to take a plunge into a long-unrealized dream — the writing of fiction. One of his shorter yarns you read last month, the sardonic *Mother's Day*. For this June issue of PLAYBOY, he has written a long, absorbing story rich with symbol and aglow with humanity: *The Runaways*. And, of course, runaway Leland Webb hasn't stopped there — he promises us much more work from his beat-up little portable, because he feels that, having abdicated from the rat race, he's never had it so good.

WEBB

The Runaways is illustrated with an original etching by Misch Kohn, an artist who enjoys the distinction of having received not one but two Guggenheim Fellowships, a Ford Foundation grant, and upward of twenty-five art prizes and awards to date. His work has been exhibited in the major art museums of the United States, Europe, Japan, Israel, India, Australia and New Zealand. This year, thanks to the aforementioned Ford Foundation, his paintings are being seen internationally in a one-man traveling retrospective exhibition.

KOHN

This issue introduces another new writer to PLAYBOY: Robert Sabaroff. Younger than Leland Webb, and possibly a mite zanier, his contribution to our pages is a bit of marzipan concerning a late-late horror show, *Ding Dong Ghoul*.

SABAROFF

Al Morgan, of course, is an old pal of ours, the kind of hardy perennial we fondly refer to as a PLAYBOY-regular. This author of the novels *A Small Success* (his latest; see *Playboy After Hours* this month), *The Great Man*, *Cast of Characters*, *One Star General*, and the Broadway show *Oh Captain!*, has been writing both fiction and non-fiction for us since 1957. His *oeuvre* for this issue is an article he punningly calls *The Bier Barons*. It's about Hollywood's merchants of magnificent mausoleums and other interment facilities.

There's much more in this issue, naturally — like the Playmate of the Month, the Playmate of the Year, an article on the songs of Cole Porter, fiction and humor by familiar favorites Henry Slesar and Larry Siegel, Professor Irwin Corey's photographic and hilarious lecture on *Sex: Its Origin and Application*, and a big, bright text-pictorial takeout on a Vegas summit meeting of Sinatra-and-cohorts — but we think you'd prefer to discover these good things on your own. Turn that page!

MORGAN

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DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE • 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

HYPOCRITICAL PLAYBOY?

PLAYBOY is a hypocritical magazine. On one hand, you allow Jules Feiffer to satirically slash the phoniness of our society; on the other hand, you endorse and promote much of that same phoniness.

Arthur Jeffries
Albuquerque, New Mexico

We feel we display not hypocrisy but its opposite when we allow our satirists to deflate areas of life reflected in PLAYBOY. *One important element of true sophistication is the ability to honestly recognize some of the ridiculous aspects of one's own personality and to good-naturedly poke fun at them.*

KURTZMAN

I would like to compliment you on your February issue; fine material and presentation, particularly the piece by Harvey Kurtzman, *The Real Lady Chatterley* — very funny, many laughs. Robert Sheckley's *Meanwhile, Back at the Bromide* was also very good, as was the Wodehouse novel.

Joe D. Wade
Houston, Texas

Your magazine is loaded from cover to cover with top talent; however, it was the unsurpassed satire of Harvey Kurtzman's that prompted me to write. I made the mistake of reading *The Real Lady Chatterley* before lunch and was so weak and shaky from laughter, I couldn't eat. You should paste a packet of tranquilizers in any future issue that features this master satirist.

Robert J. Harrison
Riverdale, Michigan

The Real Lady Chatterley in the February issue was a great piece of satire. I'd like to see more by Mr. Kurtzman in your pages.

Dick Hawkins
Syracuse, New York

And so you will.

PLAYBOY ALL-STARS

Your February *After Hours* critique of John Mehegan's article was most timely, accompanying, as it did, your Readers' Jazz Poll. Maybe I, too, love jazz "not wisely but too well," but really — Mathis and the Kingston Trio are jazz artists? And Earl Bostic??? This Poll revealed a segment of PLAYBOY readership whose existence was unknown to me. Gentlemen, is PLAYBOY really as sophisticated as it would have us believe?

C. A. Sloan
San Francisco, California

PLAYBOY is to be commended for its continuing efforts to revitalize the jazz scene.

Roger Henning
New Orleans, Louisiana

I could take exception to some of the Jazz Poll winners — who couldn't? — but I have only praise for the Poll itself, for the Playboy Jazz Festival, for your jazz albums, and for your coverage of jazz personalities such as Bird, Prez, the Lambert trio, et al. When are you going to do Quincy Jones and Miles Davis?

Cy Schlueter
San Diego, California

You'll find Quincy "On the Scene" soon and a full feature on Miles in an early issue.

I wish to thank you on behalf of Louis Armstrong for the honor you have bestowed on him as one of the winners in PLAYBOY's fourth annual Jazz Poll. We look forward with pride and gratitude to receiving the silver Playboy Jazz Medal.

Joe Glaser, President
Associated Booking Corp.
New York, New York

Readers of PLAYBOY have indicated in their Jazz Poll voting over the years that they think they know what jazz is all about. Analysis of trends in the voting indicates that results of next year's Poll will be as follows: *Leader*: Paul Whiteman (he "invented jazz"); *Trumpet*: Danny Kaye; *Trombone*: Russ Morgan; *Alto Sax*: Earl Bostic (can't be topped); *Tenor Sax*: Earl Bostic (he's versatile); *Baritone Sax*: Earl Bostic (who else is there?); *Clarinet*: Ted Lewis; *Piano*: Liberace; *Guitar*: Ricky Nelson; *Bass*: Leonard Feather; *Drums*: Sal Mineo;

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C. M. Weiner
Beverly Hills, California

NOMENCLATURE

I loved *The Roger Price Theory of Nomenclature* in your March issue. Mr. Price left out one important name, though: STEVE. I picture a STEVE as being good looking, loaded with personality, having a way with women, yet very modest.

Steve Wolf
McLean, Virginia

What about DICK, the fun-loving bachelor who is continually taken home to dinner unannounced by BOB, the young broker? BETSY, BOB's pregnant wife, vaguely suspects that DICK is trying to get BOB to divorce her so that they can resume the revels she is sure took place before she and BOB were married.

Dick Thomas
Bronx, New York

What kind of person is LAWRENCE?

Lawrence Chadwick
Boston, Massachusetts

If his name is also Welk, he is a bubble-maker; if his name is Chadwick, you tell us.

The Roger Price article on names was almost painfully accurate.

Biff Ruttenberg
Chicago, Illinois

The Price article was uncannily precise and quite hilarious. Incidentally, I know a girl named IMAH FELLER. Take it from me, she isn't.

Wallace B. Blood
Oakdale, New York

Loved the Roger Price article, but was disappointed that he neglected to expound on the name DAVE.

Dave Gosler
Kalamazoo, Michigan

Dave, meet Dave . . .

For the benefit of all the DAVES and DAVIDS throughout the world, may I explain our personalities? We can sometimes be found on golf courses but never break eighty, are most often seen in the sportier cars but never the absolutely latest model, always have the most dates but are never talked about or openly admired. We are never big spenders but the drinks more often than not go on our tab.

David L. Hawks
Lynnfield Center, Massachusetts

The study of names (or the science of onomatology) is considerably more serious than Mr. Roger Price's article. I

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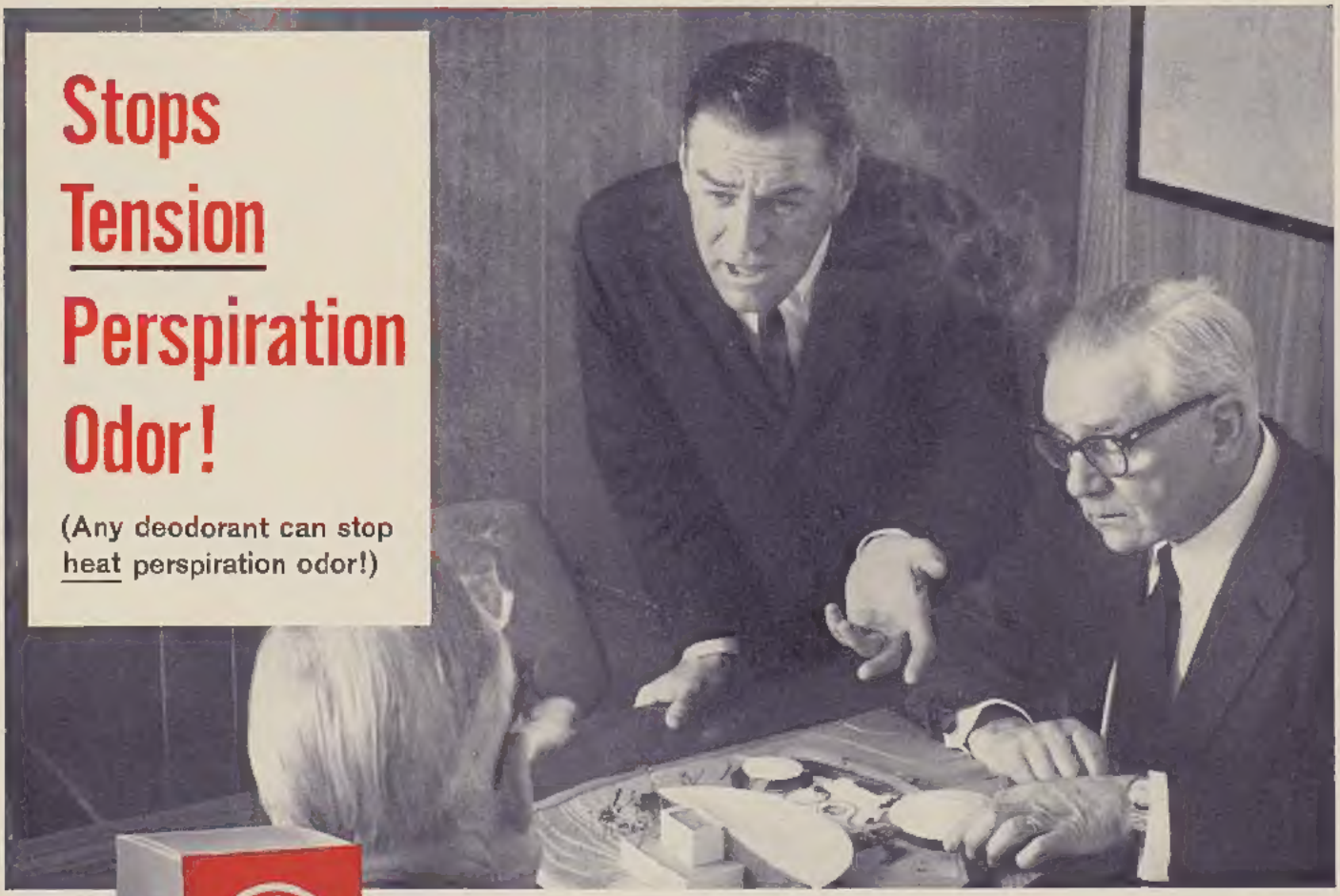

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happen to be an onomatologist, and I refer interested PLAYBOY readers to a forthcoming issue of *Names*, the quarterly publication of the American Name Society, which carries the full text of a lecture I delivered late last year. I disagree with Mr. Price on one important point. Name-changing will not help: one must be *given* one's name, and then, for better or worse, must grow up with it — otherwise it has no effect one way or another.

Wilbur G. Gaffney
Department of English
University of Nebraska
Lincoln, Nebraska

PLAYBOY ON TV

I would like to congratulate you on your fine television show. Los Angeles receives *Playboy's Penthouse* on Sunday evenings, and the show really swings. Keep up the good work.

J. Peter Gallo
Los Angeles, California

Just a few lines to say that I saw *Playboy's Penthouse* last Saturday evening and enjoyed it very much, especially the Ahmad Jamal group. Thanks.

Glenn McCullough
Elkhart, Indiana

Is there really a penthouse at the summit of the PLAYBOY Building, or is the apartment used in your television show a fake?

William G. Martin
Flushing, New York

A real penthouse apartment would present insurmountable technical difficulties for TV broadcasting. The apartment you see on your screen is an especially designed set, constructed on a large studio sound stage.

BEST POLICY

I was so struck by the apparent honesty of a local motel that I couldn't resist snapping the enclosed photo of its sign

and sending it to you. Reminds me: have you ever printed the Party Joke about what *motel* spells backwards?

W. A. Whipple
Intercourse, Pennsylvania

Yep. But thanks for the photo.

SOVIET SWINGERS

You are lagging behind events if you think jazz in Russia remains at the same zero point where it was for many years. The icy attitude to this music is gradu-

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32 MINUTES OF WITCHCRAFT!

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Left: Bob Cousy, Boston Celtic, and Frank Gifford, New York Giant, 70 miles east of the Hotel Arawak in Jamaica, photos by Tom Kelley.

Above: Expedition members: Frank Gifford (left), Warren Miller, Bob Cousy, Art Pinder.

Cousy and Gifford in the new Jantzen Beachniks

Might as well face it. These are the new raft suits that sportsmen will be wearing in friendly waters all over the world.

The long, long cotton surfing pants on Frank Gifford are of Oyster Bay twill, and are knowingly designed and impeccably tailored so that they will be proper dress for boarding any craft of any tonnage. The piping is in the colors of the cotton knit shirt, which features the beachnik boat neck, today's favorite way of pushing the head into view. The beachnik pants are $7.00, the boat neck shirt is $5.00.

Bob Cousy wears the identical surfing pants except that they are cut to the wave rider knee length; one dollar less. Both lengths, as well as sportswear of all kinds including sport shirts, walkers, swim trunks, and cabana sets, at the better haberdashers'.

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ally melting away. Recently our fans have had more opportunities to extend their knowledge of jazz music. They form a sort of community in which each knows the taste of another: there are *trads* who sniff at "modernists" and vice versa — a fact that by no means hinders close cooperation in getting and exchanging records between them. Most of them possess tape recorders, and any disc freshly received passes a long way from hand to hand before it is added to their collections of tape recordings. There are guys with amazingly large collections, of Benny Goodman and Glenn Miller especially, these two being popular in both camps. Yet most of the collectors tape whatever comes to their hands: from Stan Kenton to Marino Marini, pops unfortunately prevailing. The picture is not complete without mentioning the man who is extremely popular and welcome to the fans, Willis Conover. Until recent times the word "jazz" was not applied to any orchestra playing in this country even if it played jazz. The name was *estrade* orchestra. Now posters in the streets announce from time to time the performance of JAZZ bands from Poland, Germany (recent tour of Max Greger's band from West Germany), Rumania, etc. Bands playing at the hotels and restaurants in Moscow are not jazz but dance ones, though sometimes they happen to make some near jazz. The National Hotel is so far the only place where real jazz is featured. Two combos comprising young enthusiasts used to play there: one in the West Coast manner, another in more or less New York style. The tenor man in the latter is a very talented guy, Alexey Zubov, following the line of Sonny Rollins. There are other young players blowing in modern idiom who don't

form permanent groups but play gigs at students' galas and occasional receptions. All of them use records and Willis Conover's *Jazz Hour* for learning. For the time being they mostly copy modern greats — that is natural: to create one must know what has been created before. But even now, when you dig them playing Western standards and "modern" versions of Russian songs, you can detect the elements of a style of their own evolving gradually. Last June the cats played a jam session with the Mitchell-Ruff Duo from the States. (I enclose a photo

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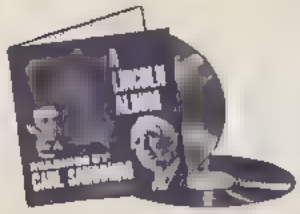

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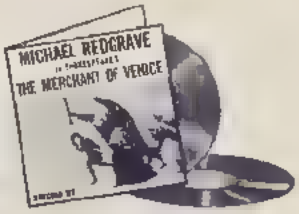

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Q-DB

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB Terre Haute, Indiana

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of myself flanked by the duo.) That was a great event, indeed! Both Dwike and Willie found our fellows very good and playing real jazz. Having come as tourists, the duo was not supposed to give any concerts, but did play an informal concert for the students of a Moscow conservatory, with Willie Ruff giving a talk on jazz history — in Russian! Jazz has become sort of an international language understandable in any country. A Russian accent is not heard in the chord yet— but it will be. It's just a matter of time.

Vyacheslav A. Repnikov
Moscow, U.S.S.R.

MENCKEN, SCHMENCKEN

I think your review of the Rodgers and Hammerstein show, *The Sound of Music*, was unfair. According to H. L. Mencken, a critic should not simply give his own opinion.

James A. Fuller
Brookline, Massachusetts

That's all any critic can do; and we doubt that Mencken — a very opinionated man — ever said exactly that.

Q.E.D.

I liked T. K. Brown's March article, *Q.E.D.*, but every engineer will certainly recognize that Brown's Theorem is nothing more than The Universal Law of Cussedness, which we have known about for many years.

Ken Kumber
Montreal, Quebec

I'm glad someone has finally developed a theorem to explain some of the more mysterious facts of life.

Gerald Worthington
Kansas City, Kansas

Over the several years of PLAYBOY's gifted existence, absolutely no other publication has offered such a range of uplifting material on sociological survivemanship. Your latest and perhaps greatest public service in this area is T. K. Brown's electrifying theorem that "If something always happens, there is a damned good reason for it." This revelation affords renewed hope to us of the feebly struggling majority, who were certain that when anything always happens there is a dismally poor reason for it, if any.

Fred Sharring
Chicago, Illinois

ENCHANTED EATING

The recipes in Thomas Mario's March article, *Some Enchanted Eating*, are worth the price of the issue. It has been many years since I cooked anything more complicated than a simple steak, and I can assure you that my steaks were never as succulent as his Chicken Macadamia with sweet and sour sauce.

George H. Archer
Ottawa, Ontario

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

This magazine's first excursion into the troubled waters of earnest editorializing (*The Contaminators*, October 1959, a statement on radioactive fallout) met with positive response, for the most part, but a few readers accused us of excess passion. There is a disturbing *lack* of passion in a letter also concerning radioactive fallout, sent by Major-General Herbert Loper, the Special Atomic Energy Assistant to the Secretary of Defense, to Senator Clinton Anderson, the Chairman of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy. It's partly the official phrasing, of course—"the following is a brief status report outlining the present programs for analyzing and evaluating the radiation hazards resulting from atomic detonations"—and the casual use of jargon, but, these things aside, there is in the letter's lifeless tone something we find almost sinister. "The danger o. carbon 14 and cesium 137 has been examined," writes the General "and the immediate probability of any one individual being affected is about one in 500,000. The risk of damage resulting from the testing of weapons is therefore extremely small." Cesium 137, as everyone now realizes, causes grave genetic disturbances in the reproductive system. Translating this into U.S. population terms (just to smack home the point and not for a moment suggesting that the problem stops at borders), the General is saying (unless our arithmetic is wrong we're figuring on an 180,000,000 population basis) that, as a result of *current* atomic fallout, three hundred and sixty people in this country are doomed to have deformed or stillborn children. This seems to us serious in the extreme, a situation about which to be legitimately alarmed and angry. Reading the stale wordage in the General's letter, however, we couldn't help thinking we were looking into the interoffice correspondence of, say, a shoe company. (Memo from the Vice President in Charge of Open-toed Sandals to the Eastern Sales Manager: "The immediate probability of any one pair being defective is one in 500,000.") Discouragingly, the General's thinking seems to us no better than his prose. One sentence, in particular, depressed us more than anything we've read in a long time: "However, the probable casualties attributable to radioisotopes from weapons testings when summed up over the population of thousands of years create a moral issue *that could be of considerable propaganda importance.*" (The italics are ours, part of a matched set we're thinking of pawning in order to raise enough money to build a radiation shelter in the back yard.) Unless, again, we're misreading the General's letter, he seems to be saying that the birth of deformed children is bad public relations. Faced with a grotesque human situation, the General sees a problem in propaganda. A moral issue has indeed been created.

•

A rather desperate appeal from *The Fresno Bee*, Fresno, California, found under Help Wanted, Female: 'Christian girl to give in. Housework, or trailer avail. for couple in exchange for housework. AD 7-9000.'

•

The Telephone Music Box, a new gadget on the market, is described as ". . . an accessory for the telephone which belongs in every home. When the telephone rings, and the party requested is not readily available, place the receiver on this attachment and music will begin to play automatically for the caller. When the party lifts the receiver to begin talking the music stops." A serious omission in the descriptive copy on this gadget is the nature of the music that plays. A man calling a well rounded blonde would not very likely accept a Sousa march as a reasonable substitute. In fact, a man who expects a well-rounded blonde will probably not accept *anything* as a substitute, which seems to leave us where we were before the invention of the Telephone Music Box.

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Sign in an optometrist's window on the Ginza, Tokyo's Broadway: EYES EXAMINED WHILE YOU WAIT.

•

Opening lines of a review, in the University of Oregon *Emerald*, of Leonard Wibberley's book, *The Mouse That Roared*: "It says on the cover, in bright red letters, 'The screwiest book of the year.' It certainly isn't that. There is no sex . . ."

•

Ordinarily, we eschew the subject of dogs, cats, and the usual run of pets that clutter up homes and apartments, but we recently received word of a fascinating and different kind of four-legged companion now available to the populace. According to a note sent us by the Department of the Interior, it is possible for a chap to have a real live buffalo of his very own. All you need to take possession of one of these unique pets is the purchase price of $140, plus transportation costs. The data we received states that the Government "may require the inspection of the applicant's facilities before a sale is made." But fear not. Any pad will do, provided you have an extra-large living room complete with a fenced-in grass pasture and a copious supply of fresh drinking water. Don't worry about the size of your new pet. One-year-old buffaloes seldom weigh more than three or four hundred pounds, two-year-olds rarely go over six

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•

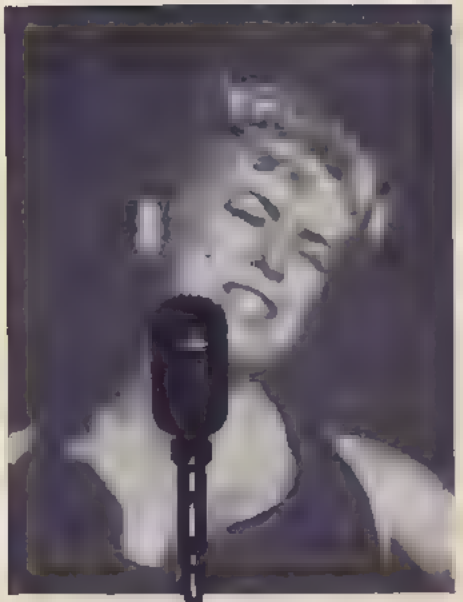
Still another sign seen in the rear window of a tiny foreign car: DON'T HONK. I'M PEDALING AS FAST AS I CAN.

•

Recounting the background of Hava Harareet, Israeli beauty who starred in *Ben Hur*, the *Chicago Tribune* said, "Part of her schooling included a two-year hitch in the Israeli marines, where she learned to strip and fire a rifle effectively."

DINING-DRINKING

For many years The Steering Wheel Club in London and L'Action Automobile, in Paris, have served as the only public retreats for peripatetic sports car buffs. Now America is getting the idea. If you dig the racing scene and find yourself cut off from kindred souls, try the following establishments: ***The Steering Wheel*** (1852 North La Salle, Chicago). This is basically a drum shop with the accent on drinks (Aston-Martinis, Porsche Punch, Jaguar Juleps), pizza and conversation, and it takes an experienced navigational rallyist to find the place. But it's worth the effort. The proprietress, petite, twenty-seven-year-old Carol Clausen, will greet you personally and show you to your bucket seat (equipped with safety belt). Bench racing 5 P.M. to 2 A.M. on weekdays, 5 to 3 every Saturday. Closed Sundays. In Milwaukee race drivers Tom Shelbe and Fred Rediske offer a haven called ***The Grand Prix*** (114 East Juneau Street). Here the conversation centers on automobiles, but fanaticism is not a requirement. Hours are the same as *The Steering Wheel*'s. Los Angeles, the sports car capital of the U.S. offers another ***Grand Prix*** (8204 Beverly Boulevard), this one owned and operated by nationally famed drivers Bob Drake and Mary Davis. The drinks are strong, the food is good, and every Thursday night racing movies are shown. Come as early as 11:30 A.M. and swing till 2 in the morning, every day except Sunday. New York's ***Le Chanteclair*** (18 East 49th Street) is the pioneer, and still best of breed. Most patrons are unaware that the genial, gentle host, Rene Dreyfus, was once champion driver of France, or that *Le Chanteclair* is the



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FILMS

The Fugitive Kind, based on Tennessee Williams' play *Orpheus Descending*, is likely to be one of the really important American films of 1960. For its acting alone, with outstanding performances by Anna Magnani, Marlon Brando, Joanne Woodward, Maureen Stapleton and Victor Jory, it is worth anyone's respectful attention. But it is also a film which, under Sidney Lumet's direction, makes Mr. Williams' points most effectively. The scene is a small town not far from New Orleans into which Brando happens at the age of thirty. A man who plays the guitar and who has played the gigolo, he is determined to "get off the game." Two decent older women look after him — Stapleton (who paints, and is married to the local sheriff), and Magnani (who sings or used to, and who now dreams of opening a wine garden behind the one-room department store of her ailing husband, Jory). Also concerned for his welfare is Joanne Woodward, now the disgrace of the district, but once, in her own words, "a Christbitten reformer." The three women and Brando have each suffered deeply due to local provincialism; and each cares too much for life or art or beauty or love or sex or dignity not to have clashed headlong with the local way of life long before the end. There's strong medicine in this one, and superb performances.

•

Unfortunately, *Can-Can* doesn't prove anything much except that Mr. Khrushchev was pretty square in being shocked at the "lewdness" of its dancing. But there are pleasant things to report: Sinatra's singing; Shirley MacLaine's kookie clowning; and a couple of holdovers from *Gigi*, Maurice Chevalier and Louis Jourdan, almost doing repeat performances; also a most appealing newcomer, dancer Juliet Prowse. The story: Shirley's Paris nightclub is constantly being closed for presenting the outlawed dance. Her lawyer-lover, Frank, has to use all his powers and influence over Chevalier, a judge, to keep another judge, Jourdan, from either closing the joint or moving in on Shirley. The important things of course are the songs and dances — particularly the Cole Porter numbers borrowed from other shows. You can dig them all in the original sound-track album on Capitol SW 1301.

•

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ing sensitivity and savvy, has put together a feature-length film of the great comic lights of the Silent Screen. Included are Charlie Chaplin, Buster Keaton, Laurel and Hardy, Ben Turpin, Fatty Arbuckle, The Keystone Cops, et hilarious al. The commentary, unobtrusively spoken by Dwight Weist, joins with the nostalgic and atmospheric nickelodeon music of Ted Royal to provide a perfect background. Youngsters in the audience may discover they've never laughed so hard at a movie before: the title is ***When Comedy Was King***, and we suspect the throne was vacated for lack of heirs.

•

Ingmar Bergman made ***A Lesson in Love*** back in 1954, before any of the three big pictures (*The Seventh Seal*, *Wild Strawberries* or *The Magician*), but don't let that put you off. For his real specialty, as anyone who's seen either *Naked Night* or *Smiles of a Summer Night* can tell you, is not the relations of man and God but of man and woman, and there's very little but the latter in his *Lesson*. The principals have backgrounds calculated to assure one and all that they know the score. The hero, a gynecologist (Gunnar Bjornstrand), has just survived a brief affair with one of his younger patients when he decides to re-woo and -win his wife (Eva Dahlbeck), a former artist's model who has sought solace with her former employer (and lover). The story and most of the fun is in how Gunnar goes about this, but there's also an abundance of laughs in the flashbacks — particularly the brawling scenes showing how he'd "won" her in the first place. Bergman aptly calls it "a comedy for grownups."

•

The story of ***The Unforgiven*** has to do with what happens in the Texas of the 1860s to a family that illegally adopted an Indian baby who grew up to be Audrey Hepburn. Two people know the secret: Lillian Gish, the woman for whom Audrey replaced a daughter dead at birth; and a weird old one-eyed coot, Joseph Wiseman, who starts trouble by appearing on the scene to tell all the neighbors, not excluding the tribe from which she was stolen, that Audrey's really a Kiowa Indian. This doesn't set well with anyone — the Kiowans, who want her back; the family, who love the girl; or the rest of the whites, who aren't about to lose their savings or their lives in a battle to keep "a redskin" with her white family. Her "brother," Burt Lancaster, stands by Audrey long and well enough to become something more than a brother by the end. It's a good yarn, with considerable moral complexity even for an adult Western, and it's well-directed, -acted and photographed. It gives the impression of being the first

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RECORDINGS

The Playboy Jazz All-Stars, Vol. 3 (PB 19-3) is probably the most impressive jazz release of the year—and to hell with modesty: we mean it. The three-LP set features the wailing of the winners in PLAYBOY's third annual Jazz Poll, and the All Stars' All-Stars chosen by the musicians themselves. Like the preceding two PLAYBOY packages, it is issued on our own label through the cooperation of the entire recording industry, and never before have so many top jazz musicians been heard on a single venture. Where else can you find, for example, both the Kenton and Basie bands, both the Four Freshmen and the Hi-Lo's? The first track on side one is a funny five-minute intro by Mort Sahl, the closing track on side six is Cy Coleman's performance of *Playboy's Theme*, the music from *Playboy's Penthouse*. In between is some rich and varied jazz—chosen for the most part by the musicians themselves specifically for PLAYBOY—including some of the highlights of PLAYBOY's socko Jazz Festival held in Chicago last summer. *Down Beat* called Ella Fitzgerald's Festival performance "the most electrifying of her career," and the high point of that gig—an incredible romp through *How High the Moon*—is in this volume. It is probably the best Ella ever released on record. To cite a few other standouts: Miles Davis' classic *Four*, the Oscar Peterson Trio's bounding *The Golden Striker*, Paul Desmond's touching *Susie*, Sonny Rollins' witty *Rock-a-Bye You, Baby with a Dixie Melody*, J. J. Johnson's brisk *Hello Young Lovers*, Coleman Hawkins' Festival version of *Body and Soul* and Frank Sinatra's moody *There's No You*. The three LPs (thirty-two tracks in all) are handsomely boxed with a thirty-two-page booklet of full-color photos, biographies and discographies on all artists. The package awaits you at your favorite record shop or in prompt reply to that check or money order ($4.50 for stereo, $3.50 for mono) you dispatch to the magazine. Come swing with us.

•

Two singers at home in bluesville turn romantic in their latest outings. Billy Eckstine quivers his vibrato on a dozen standards on ***Once More with Feeling*** (Roulette 25104). Backed by Billy May's studio band, Eckstine slithers through such tunes as *Stormy Weather*, *Cottage for Sale*, *As Time Goes By* and *That Old Black Magic* with characteristic ease. There's more vibrato on ***That Kind of***

Woman (Roulette 52039), Joe Williams' current non-Basie LP. Joe delves into the likes of *Stella by Starlight*, *It's Easy to Remember*, *Why Can't You Behave* and *Louise*—nicely framed by Jimmy Jones' arrangements—and handles most of the nuances astutely.

•

There's not a crowd-pleasing cliche to be found in the playing of pianist Bill Evans, one of the most intense young individualists in jazz. Although he has recorded as a sideman with various groups, including Miles Davis' art-for-art's-sake crew, Evans has been cautious in cutting on his own. ***Portrait in Jazz. Bill Evans Trio*** (Riverside 1162), his third LP in three years, indicates that self-discipline pays off. Most of the nine-tune tour covers familiar ground (*Come Rain or Come Shine*, *What Is This Thing Called Love?*, *Spring Is Here* and *When I Fall in Love* are included), but a sprightly Evans original, *Peri's Scope*, and an Evans-Davis collaboration, *Blue in Green*, are investigated, too. And a Disneyland ditty, *Some Day My Prince Will Come*, provides some of the most melodic moments. Whatever the tune, it comes up roses when Evans touches it. Scott LaFaro, a superior bassist, and Paul Motian, a discreet drummer, are compatible cohorts. Like Evans, they're here to stay.

•

Ella's newest, ***Hello Love*** (Verve 8-6100), picks up where *Like Someone in Love* (*Playboy After Hours*, March 1958) left off, a gentle Fitzgeraldian caressing of hush love ballads. *I'm Through with Love*, *I'll Close Weep for Me*, *Lost in a Fog*—you know the kind. There's not a flaw on either side. ***Sammy Awards*** (Decca DL 78921) is a platterful of Sammy Davis, Jr., warbling a dozen Oscar nominations from 1935 (*Lovely to Look At*, from *Roberta*) through 1954 (*The Man That Got Away*, from *A Star Is Born*). Though not one of the tunes went on to cop the Oscar, they form a first-rate repertoire for Sammy, whose belting and or soft light style proves just right. Though it detracts not one whit from the quality of the LP, Decca continues to crank out some of the most garish rover art our sore eyes have seen, and they've almost outdone themselves on this one. No Oscar for them, either.

•

Alto saxophonist Paul Desmond, a Playboy Poll winner again this year, rarely strays from the tight little world of the Dave Brubeck Quartet. But when he does, he still sounds superb. On his latest excursion as a leader, ***Paul Desmond*** (Warner Bros. 1356) he's in the elite company of guitarist Jim Hall, bassist Percy Heath and drummer Connie Kay. There's a unity and spirit uncommon to

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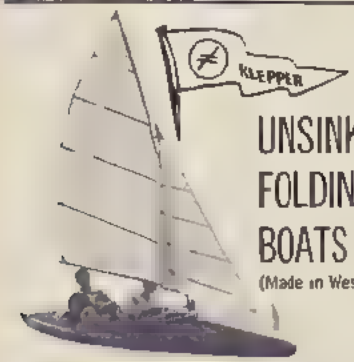

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most record dates. The tunes (there are just seven, so the soloists can stretch out) run a gamut from *Greensleeves* to *Time After Time*. Desmond's wispy, warm sound dominates, but Hall frets lustrously, and Heath and Kay sustain support magnificently. Don't expect frenzy here, just discipline and devotion.

•

Through the Opera Glass We yield to no one in admiration of Giuseppe Verdi, nor of Shakespeare, nor of those great Shakespeare-based Verdi operas, *Otello* and *Falstaff*; but, more's the pity, Verdi's early *Macbeth* (RCA Victor LSC 6147) is doggedly uninspired. This is a dandy recording from the technical and performing standpoints, though: Erich Leinsdorf wrings every drop from a turnip of a score; the late Leonard Warren is a tower of power in the title role, his superhuman voice coloring the production with rich veins of mahogany, Leonie Rysanek brings a big meaty tone to the Lady Macbeth music. And the libretto, despite what some snide commentators have written, does not violate Shakespeare, considering the necessary condensation and certain obeisances to operatic convention (full *choruses* of Witches and Murderers, for example, and a drinking song for Lady M). Occasionally, the music will glow with sudden excitement (the Act I Finale: Macbeth's Dagger Soliloquy) or thicken with appropriate and too-infrequent foreboding (the Act III Cave Scene), and there are one or two OK arias (Macbeth's *Pietà, rispetto, onore* being the best, though below Verdian par). Hearing this routine score — which is as primitive as *Trovatore* but without that opera's fiery spontaneity and continuous gush of melody — one desperately wishes Verdi had saved this fine Shakespearean subject until the last part of his life, when he could have made it, as he made *Otello*, a masterwork forged plutonically under extreme pressure out of the igneous, molten magma of a mature and battle-scarred talent. Besides lacking plum old-fashioned Italian tunes and guts, this operatic *Macbeth* lacks the demonic wildness and goose flesh its subject cries for. In later years, Verdi could and did unleash "night's black agents" — from the *Otello* score, one recalls many supremely sinister pages: Iago's Mephistophelean *Credo*, the infernal tenor-baritone Pledge duet, the howling dark majesty of the opening chorus, as well as brief chilling flashes like Iago's jealousy warming and the Moor's clamming of magical properties for the handkerchief. No, *Macbeth* is of historical interest only.

•

The quintet that Miles Davis fronted in 1956 and 1957 was one of the most cohesive, coolly-cooking groups he ever had. Miles and John Coltrane formed a

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flashy front line and the rhythm section (Red Garland, piano, Paul Chambers, bass, and Philly Joe Jones, drums) was uniquely ferocious. On ***Workin' with the Miles Davis Quintet*** (Prestige 7166), that quintet ranges from a delicate *It Never Entered My Mind* to a relaxed *In Your Own Sweet Way* (a Dave Brubeck tune) to an aggressively stated Bird call, *Half Nelson*. Except for a Jamalish glide through *Ahmad's Blues* by Garland, this is top-drawer Davis, which means it's miles ahead of most jazz releases.

THEATRE

Anthony Perkins sings, and not badly, in ***Greenwillow***. This is a quasi-quaintsy folk fantasy, for which Frank Loesser has written a nice variety of ballads and jaunty ditties (the original-cast album is available: RCA Victor LSO-2001). The rest, an arch attempt at Never-neverland which turns into Dullsville, should be silence. At the Alvin, 250 West 52nd Street, NYC., if you care.

•

You can safely cast your ballot for Gore Vidal's ***The Best Man*** — a trenchant, tough-minded and often boldly comic exposé of what goes on behind the scenes at a political convention. Especially exciting is the dramatization of the clash of ideas and ideals between two prominent candidates for the Presidential nomination. William Russell (Melvyn Douglas), a former Secretary of State, is a Stevensonian wit beloved by intellectuals. In private life he loves the ladies not wisely but too many, though in public affairs he is a man of high moral principle. Senator Joseph Cantwell (Frank Lovejoy), in contrast, is the somewhat Nixonesque family man who invented Togetherness, but in politics he is an unscrupulous manipulator who would rather be forever wrong than not be President. The race is between these two symbols of Good and Evil in the body politic, but the balance of power lies with Arthur Hockstader (Lee Tracy), a former President and a self-styled "hick statesman of the old school, reminiscent of Truman, who loves a good fight and roars joyfully into battle with a noggin of bourbon-and-branch-water in his shaky fist. This is a comparatively simple theme, but Vidal — who, incidentally, had a senator as grandfather and who has announced his own candidacy for the House of Representatives (Dem., N.Y., 29th Dist.) — has a showman's knack for keeping the action suspenseful. When will Hockstader, who "likes to see the boys squirm," pick his choice for the Presidency? And later, will Russell, the victim of a vicious smear campaign, sacrifice his principles and indulge

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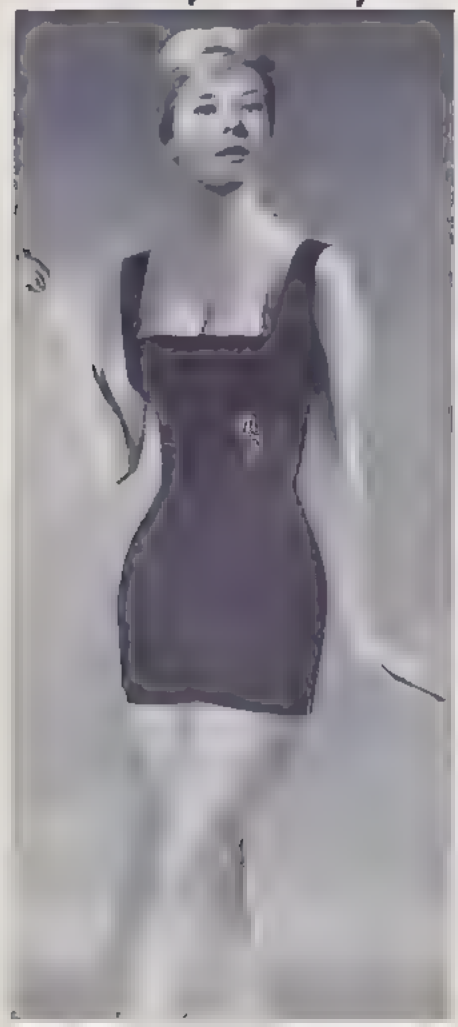

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in a massive retaliation of mud-slinging? The answer is a surprise ending that metes out ironic justice and makes for a highly gratifying curtain. *The Best Man* deserves the best and gets it from director Joseph Anthony and his cast. At the Morosco, 217 West 45th Street, NYC.

BOOKS

The Kinsey Reports, you may be happy to hear, have been dramatized, fictionalized, and hopped up into a stinger of a novel which, for all its neat contrivances is a thoroughly readable and convincing tale. The title is ***The Chapman Report*** (Simon and Schuster $4.50), by Irving Wallace. The subject is—you guessed it—sex and surveys. In his apologia, Wallace goes to great lengths to assure us that his book has nothing whatever to do with Kinsey or his staff, that all characters are fictional, that the story is pure invention and nothing else. We look at an endless parade of Simmons acrobatics over the shoulder of Paul Radford, heir apparent to Dr. Chapman and dedicated student of sexual pyrotechnics. Along with the crew, he is examining the mores and frequencies of a group of women in a plush Los Angeles suburb called The Briars. There is Naomi Shields, a nympho who turns out to be an ex-wife of one of the examiners. There is the plain and somewhat mousey housewife, Sarah Goldsmith, ready for her first extramarital affair. There is Teresa Harnish, who likes to look at football players on the beach—and finally tackles one to her shocked dismay. There is also Kathleen Ballard, normal as plankton in an ocean of oddballs, the girl that Paul naturally yearns for and eventually gets. Between times, we see and hear a goodly number of sexual histories that make the Kinsey reports seem as mild as a milk shake. It all adds up to a fast-paced chronicle that tries to prove that sex without affection is No Damn Good. If author Wallace had spilled over into luridness from his taut and readable style, he would have wrecked the mood. But he resists. He has been able to have his cake and eat it—combining a thoroughly respectable literary style with a ticklish subject. It's even money that this will zip up the best-seller list and stay there for a long visit.

•

The socially-satirical talents of Jules Feiffer defy description and require no introduction to PLAYBOY readers, so we'll just mention, for the record, that a new Feiffer collection—***The Explainers*** (McGraw-Hill, $1.50)—has been sprung. Like his first two books (*Sick, Sick, Sick* and *Passionella*), this one is great glomming even when its insight is so precise and telling as to hit traumatically home

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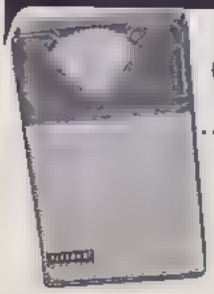

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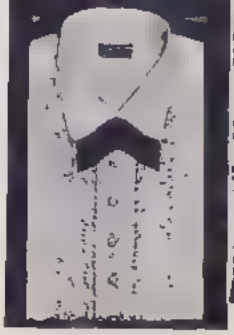

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Of course, several of these jewels of Jules first appeared in our pages.

•

"Looking out of my window this glorious fall morning, I knew immediately it was fall because all the penthouses were turning brown." Thus begins one chapter of Jack Douglas' ***Never Trust a Naked Bus Driver*** (Dutton, $2.50). As in his earlier book, *My Brother Was an Only Child* (*Playboy After Hours*, June 1959), Douglas goes in for peppy chapter heads: *May This House Be Free From Alexander King*, for instance, and *Jackie Gleason — Unite!* and *"Four" Is a Four-Letter Word*. Douglas fondly recalls *The Most Unforgettable Marquis I Ever Met* (De Sade), suggests a couple of kiddie books (*The Golden Book of Sex* and *The Wonderful World of Narcotics*), clobbers expensive restaurants like The Forum of the Twelve Caesars (*All You Can Eat for Two Hundred Dollars*), concocts as before a letter from a kid away at camp ("Dere Mom and Dead . . . I was wrong about what I said about my coonseler last year. He is not a fagg. But I am.") and avers that Patrick Henry did *not* say "Give me liberty or give me death" (what he really said was "I don't know about the rest of you guys, but these tight colonial pants are killing me!"). Maybe, though, the best thing in the book is the dedication: "To Barry and Ella Fitzgerald."

•

PLAYBOY-contributor Al Morgan has heretofore clobbered the television industry, Tinseltown and the Pentagon in, respectively, *The Great Man*, *Cast of Characters* and *One Star General*. Now, just at the point where you think Morgan is ready to write himself out of the country, along comes ***A Small Success*** (Rinehart, $3.75), a bit more benign than his earlier efforts, but filled with the incisive, accurate and uncompromising observations that have typified his earlier works. Basically, the book is a fictionalized documentary about the birth and death of a Broadway play. You meet Laurie Kane, Hollywood star whose mind has been fuzzied by booze, on the comeback trail via the legit stage. You meet director Kip Davis, who has several smash hits to his credit as well as the stage and personal services of Eleanor Weaver, the current toast of Broadway. Laurie fights the bottle, Kip fights to keep the cast in line, and Eleanor fights pre-opening jitters. Morgan, who boasts a tape-recorder mind and an Olivetti that spits lead, re-creates the back and off stage agonies with a deadly, objective touch sans judging or commenting. The author, who has lived through the same Broadway tensions himself, has created another portrait to hang in his gallery of acid etchings, and you'll enjoy it.

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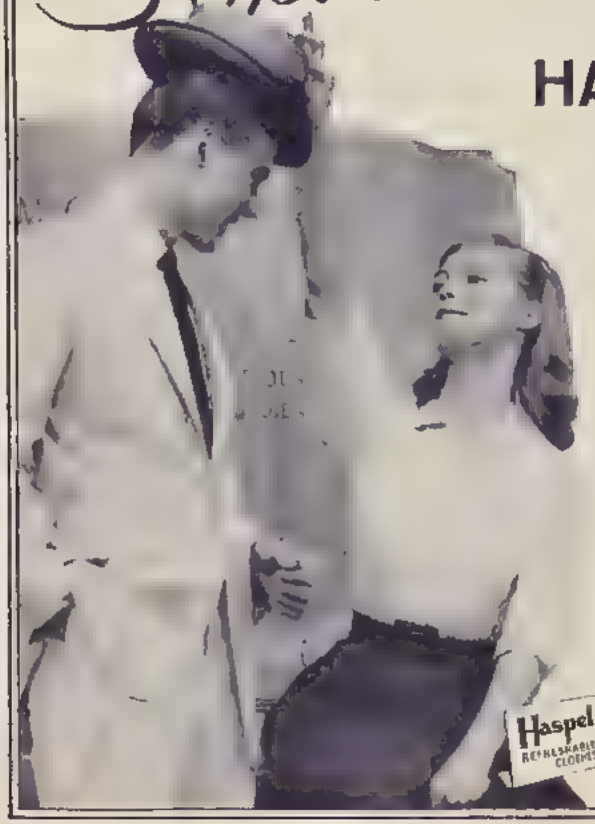

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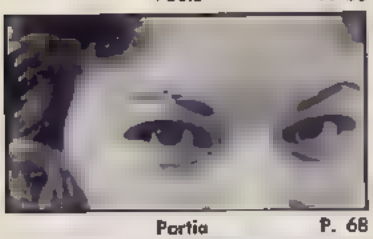

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THE RUNAWAYS

THE PONY CAME RUNNING THROUGH THE RIVERMERE SUBURB between two and three in the morning. Andrew Garth woke to the sound of drumming hoofs coming from way over on Canberra Road. He followed the sound with wonder and a mounting dread as the pony turned off Canberra onto McIver, and when he heard it make another turn onto Cavanagh, he jumped from his bed and ran to the front door. He rushed out on the stoop as the pony turned down Gramercy Lane, his street.

The pony came at full gallop straight down the center of the narrow, one-block street. At the corner of his yard, it swerved across his lawn, passing within five yards of him, and then cut back out to the street. The night was dark, with no stars out, and the pony was going very fast. he caught only an impression of flashing rolling-eyed desperation before it was gone. He remained on the stoop until he could no longer tell if he heard, or only imagined, the hoofs still faintly pounding over on Dundee Road. As he turned back into

ETCHING ESPECIALLY FOR PLAYBOY BY MISCH KOHN

forever after that night, a wild pony
would stand in his mind as a messenger of alarm

fiction **By LELAND WEBB**

the house the telephone rang, and forever after the pony would stand in his mind for a messenger, sent to wake and alarm and ready him for what he had to do that night.

He picked up the telephone on the third ring and heard, "Hester, this is Hester . . . this is Hester," and he knew that she had been saying it over and over while the telephone rang.

"Hester Drummond?" He asked from habit, an old joke between them. He knew no other Hester.

"Look, Drew, can you . . . will you come over?" Her voice sounded odd, and he suddenly knew she was speaking through clenched teeth.

"I can and I will," he said. "Do you want to tell me what I'm coming for?"

Now there was a long silence. He could hear her breathing, in and out, quick and shallow, and he waited for the pony to come galloping toward him in the dark.

Her words finally came in a shrill, raw tumble of sound. "Fritz, Fritz," he heard her cry, "I've killed him, he's lying dead in the yard, so come. Please come. Please. Please."

His legs and arms were suddenly heavy. Fritz Drummond, who had been his closest friend and Hester's husband, had now been dead for four months.

"Hess, lie down and take it easy," he said. "I'll be there in twenty minutes or less. Whatever is wrong, I'll make it all right. I promise."

The telephone went dead at the other end, and he was alone in the dark living room. Childhood images of fear, crow-footed, batwinged and rateyed, crowded into his mind, and out of childhood he summoned a spell to banish them; suddenly he was aware that he was holding his breath and he let it go with a long, shuddering sigh. He put the receiver back in the cradle and went into the bedroom.

Nora slept on her side, one leg drawn far up under her, and the familiar sight made him smile. He began to dress, quickly and skillfully from practice, in the dark; and because the hours between midnight and daybreak had always seemed to belong to him, he felt an old pleasure well up inside.

Often he had wakened after midnight and, obeying some unexamined impulse, had got up and driven through the dark streets for hours. Once he had been told that this represented a withdrawal, perhaps even a sinister attitude toward life, but he knew this wasn't so. To drive through the night past the quiet houses under the late stars, to know that the world slept while he was alive and awake, never failed to fill him to the brim with an enormous tenderness for all living, sleeping things.

Dressed, with his shoes in his hands, he stopped at the bedroom door and looked back at Nora, who hadn't stirred. No need to wake her, he thought, for what can I say? That I love her beyond my telling but Hester belongs to me in a way beyond my understanding? That dead Fritz now lies dead again in Hester's back yard? And finally, that a pony has come running through the night and told me that I must choose between my wife's right and my girl's need?

When he turned onto Canberra Road, from where he had first heard the pony, he thought and wondered why it made him sad, that someone would be looking for the pony, and when they found it, gentle it and lead it back home. And from the ragbag of his mind he suddenly sorted out an old rhyme, unremembered since kindergarten, and he recited it aloud to the darkness rushing by.

I had a little pony,
Her name was Dapple-Gray;
I lent her to my buddy
To ride a mile away.
He whipped her, he lashed her,
He drove her through the mire;
I would not lend my pony now
For anybody's hire.

He was quickly ashamed, aware that he had unconsciously changed the lady in the old rhyme to buddy, and had dishonored his dead friend. But why, then, must Hester kill him four months after his death?

"What now, Fritz?" he said aloud to his dead friend, who still seemed close at hand to him, "and where to? As long as you lived, I could keep the peace But now, two women can whistle day or night and I'll answer, and I see nothing ahead but rough water."

The image of the running, frightened pony filled his mind. He slammed his foot down hard on the accelerator as he left Canberra Road for the expressway across the city to the Lackawanna suburb where Hester waited for him to come and bury Fritz forever.

Andrew Garth had the reputation of being a cautious, prudent man. He had been known to spend a week shopping for a pair of shoes, as much as an hour deciding on a toothbrush. Yet, out of a multitude of encounters, he had chosen one man and two women, and once chosen, he had never faltered in his devotion.

First, in point of time, was Fritz. Andrew Garth and William Frederick Drummond III had been friends all their lives. They were infants, they were children, they were boys, they were men and business partners. When Drew had married Nora Hoffman, Fritz had been his best man, and Drew had always supposed he would be the same for Fritz. Instead, he gave the bride away.

"Who else can give her away?" Fritz demanded. "Who else has she got but you?"

"You're three months older than I am," Drew protested, "and I'm not sure I approve of your marrying Hess. I'll feel like I'm giving her away to some old lecher."

"I gave you Nora," Fritz said evenly. "I'll take Hester and call it square."

He said in jest what could not be said in earnest. He had had three dates with Nora Hoffman before he introduced her to Drew on a double date. The next day Drew had come to him.

"This girl last night, this Nora Hoffman," he said, "what's the score between she and thee?"

"A draw so far," Fritz said, and then looked directly at Drew. He whistled softly and said, "I hope you live happily ever after, and I think I'll go fishing for the rest of the day," and got up and walked out of the office.

Back at work the next day, Fritz' eyes had revealed nothing. But he had given what Drew would have fought him for, and he must not now be cheated. The day he announced his plans to marry Hester, Drew went straightaway to her apartment.

"Do you want to marry Fritz?" he asked.

"Well, you needn't scowl so," Hester said. "Fritz loves me"

"Do you love him?" he asked.

Always she seemed to read his thoughts. "Fritz won't be cheated, Drew," she said. "I'll meet my obligations."

It was not the answer he had come for but he knew it was all he would get. And it seemed natural enough that he should give her away, for he felt that she did belong to him. His thoughts ended there, for he knew that he either didn't or mustn't belong to her.

That had been implicit from their first meeting. Three years before, when Nora was carrying the twins, he had sat in the office, alone. It was early in the morning, and Connie, the hunchbacked newsboy, had come in with the paper. On the way out, Connie had nearly collided with a girl coming in, and she had drawn back, frightened. Connie had given her his sad, mocking smile, and had gone on. The girl remained in the doorway.

"To see a hunchback, first thing in the morning, is supposed to be good luck," Drew said. "Let's hope that Connie will bring us both good luck."

Always he carried in his mind's eye what Hester looked like standing in his doorway that morning, and how she advanced into the office until she stood directly in front of him.

"My name is Hester A. Floyd," she said, as though he had not spoken. "I can type eighty words a minute. I can take shorthand at one hundred and ten words per minute. I am also versed in all related forms of office work, such as

(continued on page 30)

"Well, nobody else thinks I'm a frigid wife."

filing, billing and double-entry bookkeeping. Are you in need of a trained, efficient, industrious and loyal employee?"

Her expression was a mixture of timidity and resolution, and he sensed that she had spent hours phrasing and rehearsing her speech. And he knew that she was scared to death and would never admit it, and very close to tears, but that no one would ever see them. And her appearance was startling, absurd and touching

Her hair was pulled back in a severe bun which failed in its purpose to make her look older There was too much make-up on her face, and he immediately knew it was her first time and that there was no one around to tell her better The dress she wore neither fitted nor suited her and was at least three years out of style. His over-all impression was of a girl who had grown into her older sister's clothes, or who had outfitted herself from a missionary barrel

Flustered by her directness, fearful of hurting her feelings, he said, "How old are you? Where are you from?" And, on sudden inspiration, "Have you run away from home?"

He remembered that she answered his questions in order. "I am nineteen years old. I came here from Worden. My mother died when I was quite young. I don't know about my father. I never have known. Will you give me a job?"

The state orphanage was at Worden, and he understood her clothes. "Then you've run away from the orphanage?"

She kept her eyes on him. "Yes, sir, I have," she said. "But if I have a job by the time they find me, they won't make me go back, now that I'm past eighteen. Will you give me a job?"

"Honey," he said, "if there's one thing the firm of Garth and Drummond don't need, it's an employee. There's hardly enough for Fritz and me to do."

"Do you know, sir, where I can get a job?" she asked. "You're the first person I've asked, and I must get a job this morning. They are probably looking for me now."

"Now, you look here," he said, unaccountably angry with her, "you just can't go traipsing around this town, asking any and every man you see for a job. Why, hell, there are men I know who'd take one look at that dumb face of yours, and . . . " he stopped and glared at her . . . "well, they'd give you a job, kid, but it might not be what you're looking for "

Her eyes stayed on him, her expression didn't change. "I see," she said calmly, so calmly that he knew she did see, which somehow made it worse. "But I'm not going back to Worden, no matter what."

She turned to go, and he stood up, his hands and face sweating in the cool morning air. "Wait a minute," he said. She stopped at the door and turned back.

When three-month-old Fritz was put in the crib beside him, family legend had it that he had clutched Fritz' finger and wouldn't let go. On his first sight of Nora, there had been a stallion quickening in his blood, and instant recognition. He glared in anger at this awful-looking kid, knew that she was going to walk away, and somewhere that morning she would find the man who would listen, would watch and study and calculate her cool desperation and would find something for her to do. So now he made his third choice.

"Fritz will shoot me," he said, "but you can start working for us. If you ask me why, you're fired on the spot." He walked around the desk and took her by the arm. "And now," he said, "the first item on the agenda is to find out what you look like."

When Fritz arrived, he was scrubbing her face in the lavatory. Afterward, Fritz watched while Drew dictated a letter to the orphanage which Hester wildly scribbled down, and he looked solemnly at Drew while they listened to the frantic pecking at the typewriter, and the wastebasket slowly filled with discarded sheets of paper. The letter was brief, Drew could have typed it himself in fifteen minutes, but when she brought it to him an hour later, he read it and handed it triumphantly to Fritz.

"There's not a single mistake in it," he pointed out.

Fritz nodded gravely. "Not a one, father," he agreed. "But we'd better get in a carload of paper if we expect to write many letters."

And still she would not cry or beg "But I typed it," she said, fiercely and quietly. "I never typed before but I typed it. I'm smart and I can learn You won't be sorry."

At the end of the day Drew found her a place to stay and took her down and enrolled her in night school. When he gave her her first pay check, he took her down to a beauty parlor and explained carefully to the operator just what he expected from her.

"A million dollars of my money and a million years of your time will never make a pretty girl out of her," he said. "But she's something even rarer, a damned handsome kid, so you do the very best you can with that thought in mind."

He told Nora about her and kept her informed. One night, after he had described a lecture he had given her on the proper way to walk, Nora had thrust out her underlip in the way she had when she was thoughtful.

"Say now, you're not reading anything into all this?" he asked.

It was a long time before she answered. "Playing God is hard work, Drew," was all that she would say.

But when he stood in the anteroom at Trinity Church, waiting with Hester for the bridal entrance, he was heavy in his mind. He had never touched Hester. Because it would have been too easy, he thought Because not only his love but his honor was engaged with Nora. And yet, equally vague as it was strong, because he loved Hester, loved her so much that giving her to Fritz seemed too much to ask of him. Which was nonsense, and to banish such thoughts, he turned and smiled at Hester and made a joke of it.

"Hess, you're too sweet to give away," he said. "Let's you and I slip off somewhere and live happily ever after."

It was the wrong thing to say, or worse, the right thing said at the wrong time. For Hester turned on him with such a look of hurt and anger that he was shamed and alarmed. The look was brief, no one else in the room caught it, but he was glad their summons into the church came at that moment.

When Fritz and Hester returned from their ten-day honeymoon, Drew and Nora visited them, and the next week, Fritz and Hester returned the visit. Drew thought on both occasions that the usually taciturn Fritz was too talkative, and Hester he could not read at all. After they had gone he was thoughtful, and he turned to Nora.

"Do you think Fritz and Hester are happy?" he asked

And Nora said, "No, not yet. But they are going to be. Fritz doesn't know that, but I think Hester does. And you just mind your own business, Mr. G., and let Hester row her boat all by herself."

The day after this visit, Drew watched Fritz ride away from the office at the day's end on his beat-up motor scooter. He stayed behind to finish up some work and was there a half-hour later when the telephone rang and Hester's tight, disbelieving voice told him that twenty-four days of marriage were all that Fritz and she would have.

Fritz had stopped off for a quart of milk and a loaf of bread a mile from home. He had come down Leslie Road, steering with one hand and holding the milk and bread with the other. It was almost dark, and although he had been meaning to get the light fixed on the scooter, he had not done so. As he came around the long S curve, apparently he saw the two cars approaching him, as the man in the first car saw him move well over to his side of the road.

When the lead car drew near him, the second car picked up speed and swung out to pass. This car was driven by a high school senior, a nice, soft-spoken boy. He said he saw Fritz, immediately,

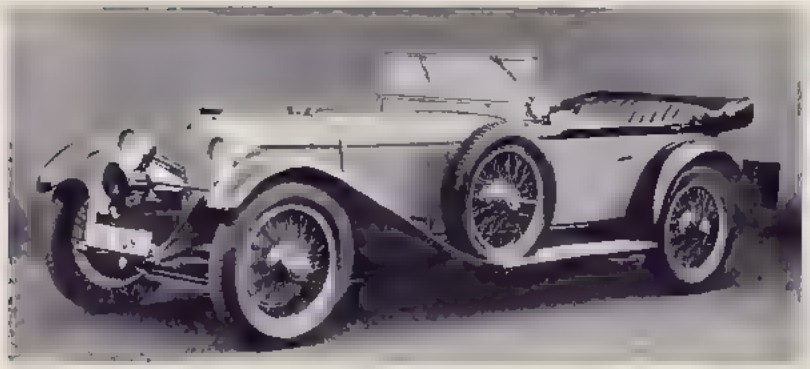
(continued on page 94)

modern living **By KEN PURDY**

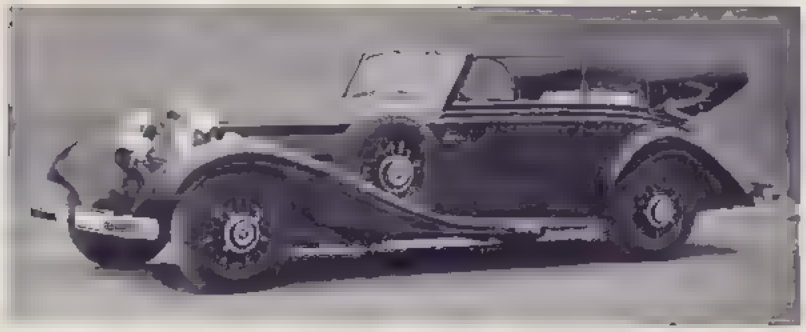
the cars of mercedes-benz are forged from inspired precision and calculated daring

STATUS and SPEED

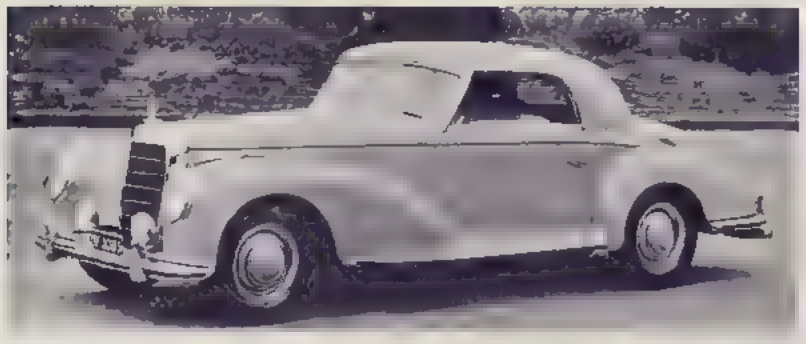
Mercedes-Benz Model S Tourer



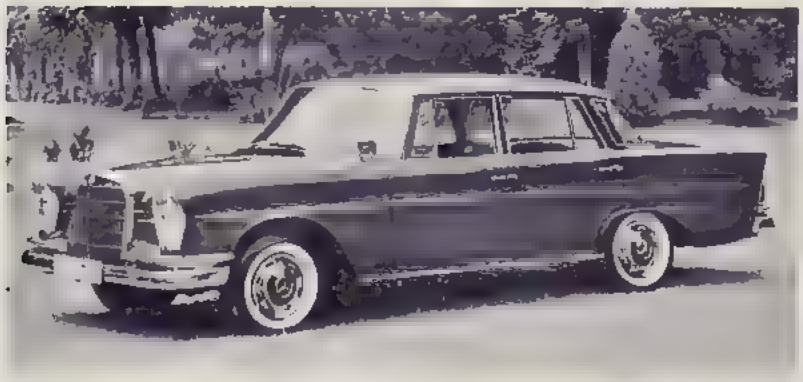
540K Cabriolet



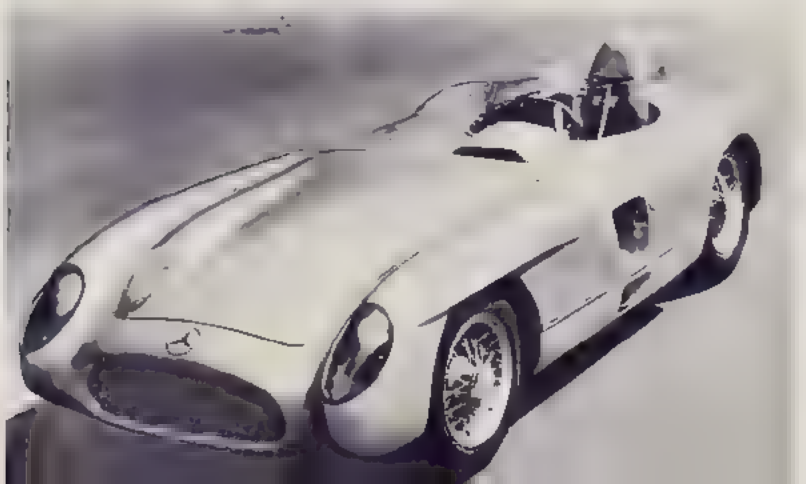
300S Coupe



220S Sedan



300SLR Sports Racing Car



I SUSPECT THAT NO ONE MAN in the world has owned and driven as many individual models of one make of motorcar as has Mr. Edward Mayer of London. Mr. Mayer has owned something over one hundred and twenty automobiles of one make: Mercedes-Benz. I think Mr. Mayer's niche in the listings of such curiosa must be secure. The Nizam of Hyderabad, when his holdings of two-and-a-half billion dollars made him very possibly the richest man in the world, owned more than fifty Rolls-Royce automobiles, but he owned them all at one time, and he did not often drive them. Mr. Mayer has owned his cars seriatim, and has driven all of them, and vigorously. There have been men who've owned twenty Bugattis, thirty-one Packards, twenty-six Stutzes, a double gross of steamers, a *scuderia* of fifteen Bentleys, and so on, but only Mercedes and Mercedes-Benz cars have, to my limited knowledge, gone over the hundred mark in the hands of one man. Since Mercedes cars have always been expensive, Mr. Mayer obviously had the means to buy one hundred and twenty of any make. One may wonder why he chose the make he did.

To drive a Mercedes-Benz 300SL is to find part of the answer. When this car appeared in 1952 it stunned discerning motorists all over the world, for it was obvious that the 300SL, fully developed, would be as fast as some racing cars and as comfortable as most de luxe sedans. So it has turned out: the present-day 300SL roadster is available with a gearing that will produce 165 miles an hour; a combination of fairly soft suspension and fat, form-fitted leather seats makes it remarkably comfortable; and since the oversteer tendency of the early models has been corrected, the 300SL is a smooth and simple car to handle in the ordinary speed ranges. Naturally it has had a profound effect on design all over the world. The Chevrolet Corvette, for example, a really remarkable automobile in its own right, found much that was exemplary in the 300SL.

One of the reasons for the enduring fascination of Mercedes and Mercedes-Benz automobiles has been the tendency of the company to produce automobiles to this Germanic conception: technically advanced, strongly built, comfortable in a settled, four square fashion, and, if possible, in some way better than anything else in the world.

Another has been the pedigree of the firm, now Daimler-Benz Aktiengesellschaft. It runs back to Karl Benz and Gottlieb Daimler, who, if they did not invent the automobile, certainly did develop it and did put it into practical production. The first series-produced car in the world was a Benz "Velo" of 1893.

Great names, great men, have much to do with the *Drang* toward Mercedes-Benz. An intriguing number of individuals legendary in the wonderful world of the automobile have had to do with Daimler-Benz: aside from Gottlieb and Paul Daimler and Karl Benz and Eugen and Richard Benz, there were Ferdinand Porsche, August Horch, Wilhelm Maybach, Robert Bosch, each a giant. As for race-drivers, the list would have to begin with Camille Jenatzy, end with Stirling Moss, and it would include almost every great *pilote* who has lived.

Other automobile manufacturers have built fast touring cars, or luxurious cars, or economy cars, or trucks, or racing cars, but not many have built all five, as Daimler-Benz has, and none with such a flair: Daimler-Benz built a truck that would do 106 miles an hour fully *(continued on page 74)*

article **By AL MORGAN**

out hollywood way, the pitchmen of death huckster a technicolored, cinemascopic valhalla

"SHOW ME THE MANNER in which a people bury their dead and I shall measure with mathematical exactness the degree of civilization attained by these people." The gent who uttered these ringing lines was British Prime Minister Gladstone, and it is a crying shame that we will never have the benefit of his mathematical measurement of the level of civilization of a certain city in the Western portion of the United States, in the sixth decade of the Twentieth Century.

That city is Hollywood, California, justly famous as a world-wide symbol of glamor and make-believe, and now equally famous for another major industry, the packaging and peddling of that most unsalable of all commodities: death

The mortuary business has become a whopping industry, ranking just behind the making of motion pictures and the sale of used cars. The merchants of death — the plot salesmen, the tombstone hustlers, the embalming parlor proprietors — have turned what once was a quiet, necessary service and a solemn religious rite into a streamlined, klieg-lighted multi-billion-dollar industry. The hustlers of death, who have run an embalming school diploma, six feet of dirt plus the ethics of a snake-oil salesman into a bonanza, can give your old corner undertaker cards and spades in the business of merchandising his product, a product described in unctuous tones in Hollywood radio commercials as "the one purchase we must all make."

The facts of death, to even the casual tourist, are as inescapable as the facts of life in Hollywood. Billboards on all the major highways proclaim the virtues of one or another of the mortuary establishments competing for the death buck.

"We treat every woman like our sister. Every man like our brother or son. Female attendants!"

"Funerals on credit. As little as

(continued on page 58)

Four-fifths of the quintet that starred at the Sands while filming Frank Sinatra's Ocean's Eleven Lawford, Sinatra, Davis, Martin. Moaned the missing Joey Bishop: "The way they got my name way down on the bottom only tall dogs will know I'm here."

MEETING AT THE SUMMIT

sinatra and his buddies bust 'em up in vegas

article By ROBERT LEGARE

THE LOBBY WAS ROILED with cops, cables and klieg lights. Behind the desk a harried, gray-skinned man perfunctorily took the calls: "Sands Hotel: sorry, nothing at all. Try us next month." A few feet away the fabled casino was smoky-hot, jangling and thick with humanity. Outside, a neon blaze took over for the dying green-gold wisps of dusk, and Director Lewis Milestone trained his camera on the marquee billing Red Skelton and Danny Thomas in the Copa Room. A jostling passel of show-wise tourists was held back by cordons of police guards trying to explain that Red and Danny weren't really playing the Sands, but the sign was vital to a scene in a Hollywood movie. It hardly mattered that nobody listened, for by now there were almost no show-biz savants west of Hoboken who didn't know that Frank Sinatra's film, *Ocean's Eleven*, was being shot in Vegas, with Frank's real-life buddies, as well as himself, in leading roles: Dean Martin, Sammy Davis, Jr., Joey Bishop and Peter Lawford.

What it all amounted to was a Meeting at the Summit, a gathering of the hard-core members of a very special gang of Hollywood rebels. Among the qualities that give the group of show-biz folk who gather around Frank Sinatra its glamor and romance is the fact that they not only like to play together, but also get a giant clout out of working together. "The Clan," as they've been dubbed by others, possess talent, charm, romance and a devil-may-care nonconformity that gives them immense popular appeal — so much so that today they sit at the very top of the Hollywood star system, with Sinatra king of the hill.

The point is not, however, that this occasion saw five very big names assembled. This has happened before; it happens frequently on location shootings of big-budget films. But this particular group, and this group alone, has cohesiveness in work, friendship, fun — and a wild iconoclasm that millions envy secretly or even unconsciously — which makes them, in the public eye, the inest in-group in the world.

The cryptic title — *Ocean's Eleven* — derived from the quasi-comic efforts of eleven wartime buddies, corralled by Danny Ocean (Sinatra) to rob five Vegas casinos simultaneously — with military

Long used to Hollywood stars shining in their bistros, blasé Las Vegans admitted they had never seen anything like The Big Five in action. Top: the Summiteers are joined in a vocal soiree by comedian Buddy Lester, and Sammy breaks up the audience with, "You can get swacked just watching this show." Above: Dean's solo number is interrupted by Bishop and Lawford strolling across stage in their shorts. Dino, above, right: "Come on, folks, let's chip in and send this boy to camp." Right: Sammy breaks into Dean's act to do impersonation; Dino complains, "But I thought *I* was on now." Below: general pandemonium; the shows were great fun to watch because the performers were genuinely enjoying themselves.

Above: Dean and Frank wheel out the bottle-bedecked "breakfast" bar and choose a suitable juice while Bishop quips: "Here they are, folks—Haig and Vague," then Frank grabs the audience with a chorus of *Come Fly with Me*. Below: Sinatra talks business with a friend on the phone while Peter Lawford, Frank's banker Al Hart and Sammy Davis, Jr., sweat it out in the Sands' steam room, a daily ritual that helped them unwind after long hours before movie cameras, loosen up for night of high jinks on stage.

Above: a finger-pointing Joey Bishop suddenly discovers that Summit performance has turned into birthday celebration in his honor, as Sammy "presents" Joey with cake, full in the face, in the best Mack Sennett tradition. Despite assist from the rear by Dean Martin, however, more cake wound up on Sam than on Joey. Above, right: the tireless Sinatra rehearses a number for TV spectacular he shot during the Las Vegas stint. Below: backstage, Frank mugs for the camera of a cute chorine who appears in Sands' show. On stage, Dean awarded similarly attired chorus girl to Sinatra, who took her off with him, but she returned a few moments later, followed by a disgruntled Frank who grumbled, "Indian giver!" Sinatra beat drum advertising his restaurant, Puccini's, and other members of show stood at attention and saluted as their Leader marched past; other side of drum read, "Only Three Miles from Dino's."

precision but no bloodletting. Besides The Big Five in leading roles, Richard Conte, Buddy Lester, Henry Silva, Clem Harvey, Norman Fell and Richard Benedict round out the unholy eleven. "It's an American scene," said director Milestone, "from an American story, by George Clayton Johnson, an American writer — but it's also like a Rene Clair comedy, with a French twisteroo at the end."

Best of all, the four-week Vegas location earlier this year had given birth to a bonanza that even Barnum could not have bought: a stellar, spectacular nightclub act. When director Milestone yelled "Cut and print it" for the last time each day, his actors scurried through the steam room and into tuxedos, as the marquee men clambered up ladders to post the proper line-up: Sinatra, Martin, Davis, Lawford, Bishop as volatile a bundle of talents as the U.S. show scene has ever known, or in the Sinatra vernacular: "A gas of a cast." All of them had meaty parts in the picture, worked hard on scripted and directed roles all day. By show time at the Sands they were ready for relaxed ad-lib fun. Add the fact that two of them (Frank and Dean) own a chunk of the hotel itself, and it becomes clear why every night at the Sands was like New Year's Eve. Though they began their stint on a "Star-light, star-bright, which star shines tonight?" basis *(continued on page 48)*

"Marjorie!"

THE POWER OF POSITIVE PARKING

satire By RICHARD CRAVEN and RORY HARRITY

THIS COUNTRY HAS GOT ENOUGH REAL TROUBLES without having to deal with imaginary ones. We are referring specifically to the so-called "Parking Problem" which has been getting the big play lately, especially in the metropolitan newspapers. We have been reading that in one major city alone over eight million dollars is collected annually on parking violations, the reason being, of course, that most of the large cities simply do not have enough legal curb space to accommodate the driver and his auto. The small car trend and the increased number of motor scooters on our streets are attributed in part to the Parking Problem, and the urban driver is supposed to be a hunted man, parking miles from his destination if he can park at all, and paying out hundreds annually in garage fees and parking tickets.

To read these pieces and hear all the talk that's going around, you'd think the majority of Americans were forever standing in the violator's line at the Court House or the Motor Vehicle Bureau, $15 in one hand and a parking summons in the other.

The alarming part of it is, *they are*. The Parking Problem is the Number One civic headache in America today.

Why this is so, frankly escapes us, because we have proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that *the Parking Problem is a myth*. God knows how it ever got started — probably a Communist scare story. In any event, it's spurious, yellow-journaled rot! Emerson said that "an institution is the lengthened shadow of one man." Well, in this case it's two men (the fearless authors of this philippic) and the institution is to restore a measure of creativeness and sportsmanship to the Nation's Curb Cravers. For seven years we have parked our cars conveniently and, hence, illegally, in the big cities of this country — from San Francisco to Chicago to New York — and we have *never* gotten a parking ticket. We went *inside* the Parking Problem and did what a generation of mayors, city planners and traffic experts have so conspicuously failed at: we solved it. And we believe that a country that spawned Fulton, Edison and *both* Wright Brothers can come up with a citizenry inventive enough to hoodwink a traffic cop. The following is intended as a guide to parking violations, based on our rich experience in the field. If you are going to be a Public Offender, be a Successful One. The right attitude will put your car where you want it and when you want it there, providing convenience and requiring no monetary output. Somehow you gain more than these, a deep sense of personal accomplishment.

Garages and parking lots in the conventional sense are out. They are expensive, usually staffed by the surliest men that can be found, and certainly unsporting. The prospective Parksman must begin by realizing that the *entire city* is his garage, every available incorporated square foot of it. No place is taboo, no violation too brazen, and the more outrageous you can manage to be the better, as commonplace violations are by far the most detectable. Suppose you're in a big hurry in the downtown area and don't see anything immediately available except a bus stop. Use it, but use it properly. Most non-Parksmen ease timidly into the rear of the bus stop, allowing plenty of room for the bus to reach the curb beyond. *All wrong*. Pull well forward, making it impossible for the approaching bus to do anything but stop in the middle of the street. This will (1) somehow make it appear that the bus is at fault, (2) force the bus to act as a blind to Eyes of Blue across the street, (3) eventually cause a traffic snarl well to the rear that will require the attention of all policemen in the area.

The general rule of thumb is to commit the worst possible parking crime that is open to you at the moment. You see, the mind of the average policeman has been conditioned much in the manner of Pavlov's dog. Give him a new situation that his reflexes cannot account for and it will tend to have a numbing, or stunning, effect. He will usually wander distractedly away from the scene of a flagrant misdemeanor shaking his head and trying to forget about the whole thing. It's too much, it's crazy, and he doesn't want any part of it.

Sheer crust by itself is good, but add *(continued on page 72)*

for

avoiding

summonses,

guile

is the

ticket

attire **By ROBERT L. GREEN**

making a smart sartorial splash from long island to laguna

SEA HERE

Left: the surfside smoker cupping his hands for a light is decked out in gold and black check one-size stretch knit trunks, with gleaming brass buckle in front, by Brentwood, $6. His helpful, if somewhat distracted, buddy sports a brown and black vertical-striped nubby-knit cotton pullover, with boat neck, three-quarter-length sleeves and elasticized bottom, by Catalina, $6. His matching knit briefs of horizontal stripes have black elasticized side panels and an inside pocket, by Catalina, $6. Above: the stretch is the thing. Her chivalrous companion is garbed in gold and gray horizontal-striped one-size stretch knit trunks with mid-thigh legs and brass buckle, by Arrow, $5. Right: the shoal-water sportsman on the left wears a blazer-striped ribbed cotton knit beach cardigan, with a four-button front, three-quarter-length sleeves and elasticized bottom by Catalina, $7. His matching trunks, horizontally striped, have an elastic waistband and rope-tie front, by Catalina, $6. The other guy is attired in an olive, black and white bold striped cotton polo shirt, with an olive knit shawl collar and short sleeves, by Catalina, $5. His olive one-size Helenca nylon jacquard-ribbed trunks sport brass buckle and an inside pocket, by Bugatti, $4.

WHETHER DIGGING CLAMS OR CHICKS THIS SUMMER, you'll want more than a swim suit to make the best on-the-beach appearance. Sun worshipers, surfboarders or sailors should prepare for their nautical exploits by selecting a versatile, fashionable wardrobe. This year the emphasis is on coordinated tops and trunks; mix them or match them, but choose them wisely. The old, overdesigned look is gone (remember the matching cabaña set?); in its place are beachwear items of good-looking stripes, small paisley prints, and conversation prints that are nearer to a whisper than a shout. For warmth, there's terry cloth (even terry-lined shorts); for the Continental touch, there are smart

Right: protection from both wind and sun is afforded by this gent's quilted cotton print terry-lined jacket, with large patch pockets, oriental sleeves and wrap-tie front, by McGregor, $14; his dark-green check, trim cotton trunks have a flap pocket, by McGregor, $6. Below: hooded comfort when the wind comes up: a blue and black striped terry cotton pullover, by Bugatti, $6; his black ribbed acetate and nylon stretch trunks are by Jantzen, $5.

tops with the Italian collar, slash pockets and all.

On the swim-suit scene, wool knits — "out" for almost twenty-five years — are back in multicolored splendor. And, unlike their predecessors of the Thirties, they're fade-proof.

In deciding on the right length of swim trunks, remember it's not just your height that should be considered; it's the length of your legs as well; in general, the shorter the legs, the briefer the trunks — and vice versa. Suits range from the American-style bikinis to the ankle-length knits. The modified bikini seems to be gaining in acceptance, but don't don one unless you can face up to a three-way mirror. We can do without bikinis for men altogether, though we dearly love them on the ladies. And the ankle-length styles, by us, belong in a 1922 silent film comedy. Between these extremes, there's a length for you. The low-rise and square-leg models are seen in a slew of styles — from the boxer to the all-knit. Tailored boxers reflect the fastidious detail of Continental slacks, including waistband side tabs and slashed front pockets. You'll find some with a special pocket — obvious or judiciously hidden — for your car or locker key and small change. If you're tall and thin, you'll want to check out the mid-thigh-length square-leg trunks. The Jamaican length — about a fifteen-inch inseam — and the shorter Hawaiian style are winners, too. The newest is the swim-walker, demonstrating the Bermuda influence.

Deck pants (or call them clam diggers, if you prefer) are a surfside basic, too. You'll find them in three groups: beltless Continental models with Western pockets; natural versions with rope belts and half top pockets; and a batch of Alpine styles. They're available for you in an array of fabrics: duck, denim, chambray, madras, cotton and all manner of blends — in checks and plaids as well as solids. Deck pants look best when worn with a boat-neck or short cardigan shirt; these shirts, and a marvelous assortment of jackets (including some with hoods), are plentiful this season. They're made to match — or contrast nicely with — many of the swim suits and deck pants.

"It's working, chief!"

the continental way with a highly adaptable viand

Austria: Wiener Schnitzel à la Holstein

Italy: Veal Cutlets Parmigiana

Variations on Veal

food By THOMAS MARIO

France: Blanquette of Veal

VEAL HAS BEEN SYNONYMOUS with sumptuous supping ever since the Prodigal Son sat down to that feast of Fatted Calf. For veal, of course, is meat from a calf, and a very young calf at that—usually no older than three months. In fact, for cooking purposes, veal and calf mean the same thing.

When a goodly number of French, German and Italian chefs migrated to our shores in the recent past, proudly carrying their choicest veal recipes with them, American enthusiasm for cooking calf began to look up. For it was thanks to these missionaries that America made two great discoveries: (1) veal is versatile; (2) veal tastes great. The savor of, say, veal parmigiana and Wiener Schnitzel are only two examples of how good veal can taste, no matter how widely separated by homeland and method of preparation.

But veal has other remarkable attributes that recommend it to the do-it-himself gastronome: it can be prepared in the well-known jiffy, and it provides a perfect medium for the experimenter with seasoning.

Should your eye skim down a Continental menu, you're likely to find versatile veal anywhere from the hors d'oeuvres to the desserts. It's served as cutlet, chops, roast and scaloppine, in sautés, sauces, stews and ragouts. The *Larousse Gastronomic Encyclopedia* alone has more than one hundred and forty-five listings for veal.

As hors d'oeuvres, try an unusual tidbit like Italian tunnied veal. Here a cut of the leg is simmered until tender, chilled, and then marinated in a piquant sauce of tunafish, anchovies, lemon juice and oil to form a combination that brings instant peace to the stomach while the first martini is going down.

Veal will beget the mellowest possible gravies and sauces. When the *saucier* in

a fine restaurant starts to make demi-glaze or basic brown sauce — from which dozens of other sauces are derived — he'll use veal bones as the foundation. And the juices of a veal stew will merrily marry with cream, stock, brandy, sherry, red and white wines, vermouth, beer and almost any conceivable vegetable or spice.

Mock turtle soup is another surprising variation of veal — for that rich brown brew sees not hide nor hair of the turtle but is made with veal stock and pieces of calf's head. Meat isn't often served as a dessert, but cold calf's-foot jelly, served with port or sherry and covered with sweet cream, is a grand old charmer.

Veal is an exception to the rule that good food takes time to prepare. Consider the speed with which veal scaloppine or cutlets can be turned out. Grace Moore's reknowned recipe for a chafing dish of veal sautéed with brandy and simmered with cream takes all of seven minutes. And Toscanini's scoring for veal marsala requires no more time. But since veal does warm so readily to the occasion, take care not to overcook it.

Veal can be delicate and subtle, but it also derives encouragement from (instead of being clobbered by) spicing. It may be accompanied by vivid garnishes of tomato and peppers and onions, crunchy crumb coatings, or hefty servings of pasta and cheese.

In selecting veal, look for the lightest possible pink, a sort of faint grayish pink which indicates that the meat is young. Since there are always a few butchers willing to ignore the three-month upper-age limit to gain a few extra pounds of flesh, avoid brick-red veal; this darker hue indicates that the veal has lost its youth. Such meat will lack both the sensitive flavor of young veal and the mature flavor of beef. After a few surveys of the display case, you'll be able to spot the ideal color at a glance.

Although veal is immature meat, it will still require tenderizing, because it has many tough connective tissues in it. Butchers perform this task when they cut the so-called Italian-style veal cutlets. But further tenderizing usually helps. Slap the slices of meat with the side of a cleaver, or use a meat mallet or meat tenderizer.

Now, with an anticipatory appetite as a passport, let's disregard national boundaries and examine a group of Continental veal recipes.

VEAL SCALOPPINE WITH HAM

1¼ lbs. Italian-style veal cutlets, sliced thin
salt, pepper, ground sage
flour
¼ cup salad oil
8 thin slices prosciutto ham
½ cup dry white wine
½ cup water
1 teaspoon meat extract
⅛ teaspoon onion salt
3 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons minced parsley

Cut veal into eight pieces of equal size. Pound meat with a metal meat tenderizer, then sprinkle with salt, pepper and sage. Dip each piece in flour, then pat off excess. Preheat an electric skillet at 300°. Add the oil, and sauté the veal until it is brown on one side only. Remove meat from skillet; on the browned side of each piece place a slice of ham and fasten with diagonally inserted toothpicks. Return veal to skillet and sauté the uncooked side until it is brown. Then turn veal on the ham side, and let it sauté about one minute more. Remove meat from skillet, place it on serving platter or plates and remove toothpicks. Meat should be ham side up. Drain fat from skillet, but let the brown drippings remain. Add the wine, water, meat extract, onion salt, butter and parsley. Let the gravy boil about one minute, then pour it over the meat.

VEAL SCALOPPINE MARSALA

Omit ham in the first recipe. Substitute dry marsala wine or dry sherry for white wine. Don't use sweet marsala. Complete cooking as directed.

VEAL SCALOPPINE WITH MUSHROOMS

Omit ham in the first recipe. Sauté ½ lb. sliced fresh mushrooms in skillet. Spoon mushrooms over veal before covering with gravy.

BAKED VEAL CHOPS

4 veal chops, 4 ozs. each
2 large cloves garlic
½ cup French dressing
1 teaspoon imported Dijon mustard
1 small onion minced
3 tablespoons butter
1 cup bread crumbs
2 tablespoons grated parmesan cheese
salt, pepper

Smash the cloves of garlic and combine with French dressing and mustard, mixing well. Place the veal chops in this mixture and marinate for one hour. While the meat is marinating, sauté the minced onion in the butter until the onion turns light yellow. Add the bread crumbs and cheese to the onion, mixing well. Sauté one or two minutes. Remove from fire and set aside. Preheat an electric skillet at 360°. Remove chops from the marinade. The oil clinging to the chops will suffice, so add no fat to the skillet. Sauté the veal until brown on both sides. Sprinkle chops with salt and pepper and place them in a shallow baking pan or shallow casserole. Spread the bread-crumb mixture on top of each chop, then cover them with aluminum foil. Bake in a slow oven, 325°, for one hour or until very tender. Serve with a prepared sauce such as Escoffier Sauce Diable or Sauce Robert.

WIENER SCHNITZEL À LA HOLSTEIN

4 veal cutlets, 4 ozs. each, sliced thin
salt, pepper
flour
2 eggs beaten with 2 tablespoons cold water
bread crumbs
salad oil
1 lemon
1 hard-boiled egg chopped fine
4 anchovies
capers
4 eggs
8-oz. can tomato sauce
1 tablespoon butter

Pound the cutlets with a meat tenderizer, then sprinkle with salt and pepper. Dip in flour, then pat off excess. Dip first in beaten eggs, coating thoroughly, then in bread crumbs. Pat crumbs well into cutlets. Chill cutlets for an hour or so, if possible. The chilling will help the crumb coating adhere to the meat. In an electric skillet heated to 300° pour salad oil to a depth of ¼ in. Sauté the cutlets until deep golden brown on both sides. Place cutlets on a serving platter or plate, and keep them warm. Cut four thin slices of lemon and place a slice at one end of each cutlet. Squeeze the balance of the lemon juice over the cutlets. Sprinkle the lemon with the chopped hard-boiled egg. On each lemon slice curl an anchovy around several capers. Fry four eggs and place one on each cutlet opposite the lemon. Bring tomato sauce and butter to a boil, then pour around the cutlets. Serve balance of sauce in a sauceboat. (Lemon wedges, instead of slices, are also popular.)

VEAL CUTLETS PARMIGIANA

4 veal cutlets, 4 ozs. each, sliced thin
salt, pepper
flour
2 eggs beaten with 2 tablespoons cold water
bread crumbs
salad oil
½ lb. mozzarella cheese, bel paese cheese or port du salut cheese
8-oz. can tomato sauce
¼ teaspoon oregano
grated parmesan cheese
paprika

Prepare the cutlets as in the recipe for Wiener Schnitzel, sautéing them only until light brown on both sides. Then place them in a greased shallow baking pan or oven-proof casserole. Slice the mozzarella cheese; or shred the bel paese or port du salut cheese. (The mozzarella will be stringy after cooking; the bel paese or port du salut will be merely soft.) Place the cheese over the cutlets. In a small saucepan combine the tomato

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Involved

I USED TO BE VERY EASILY HURT BY GIRLS. TIME AFTER TIME I'D MEET A GIRL, GET **VERY** INVOLVED AND THEN HEAR HER TELL ME-

"EUGENE, THIS ISN'T WORKING OUT."

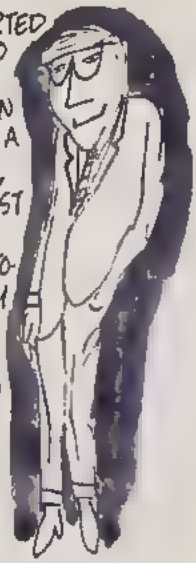
SO I'D GO INTO HIDING FOR A MONTH AND READ BOOKS.

AND THEN I'D COME OUT OF MY HOLE AND INTO THE **WORLD** AGAIN. I'D GO TO A PARTY, MEET A GIRL, GET **VERY** INVOLVED AND THEN HEAR HER TELL ME-

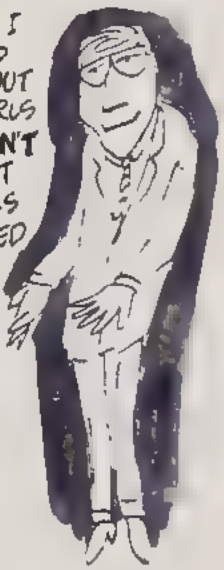
"EUGENE, THIS ISN'T WORKING OUT."

WELL YOU CAN SEE WHAT MY PROBLEM WAS- AN OVER EMOTIONALISM TOWARD GIRLS I HAD TO LEARN TO **CONTROL** MY FEELINGS.

SO I STARTED GOING TO PARTIES AND WHEN I'D MEET A GIRL WHO, IN THE PAST I WOULD HAVE AUTOMATICALLY **FLIPPED** OVER - I **IGNORED** HER.



INSTEAD I STARTED GOING OUT WITH GIRLS WHO **DIDN'T** INTEREST ME. GIRLS WHO LIKED **ME** INSTEAD OF ME LIKING **THEM**.



AND WHEN THEY'D GET **VERY** INVOLVED AND THINGS GOT TO BE MESSY AND POSSESSIVE, I'D SAY TO THEM-

"SWEETHEART, THIS ISN'T WORKING OUT."

IT'S BEEN OVER A YEAR SINCE I'VE BEEN HURT BY A GIRL.

THESE DAYS I DON'T FEEL A THING.

MEETING AT THE SUMMIT *(continued from page 37)*

(they originally planned to draw straws), they found that, as Joey Bishop put it after opening night, they were "having so much fun nobody wanted to get out of the show." Only sad-faced Joey was guaranteed to appear, but almost any night the twelve hundred receptive customers were likely to catch all five for the price normally paid for any one of them (three-dollar minimum). From time to time there were also unbilled bonuses the likes of Bob Hope, Milton Berle, Dan Dailey, Harry James, Red Skelton, Shirley MacLaine, Danny Thomas, and the Mexican comic Cantinflas, who was also on Vegas location with George Sidney's *Pepe* (which created such confusion that the crews of the two picture companies had to wear different-colored caps for identification).

The Sands shows were of gasping brilliance, though not a snippet of them had been rehearsed. No two performances were alike, but each of them broke the town's long-standing rule that no show run more than one hour (to get the gamblers back into the casinos). Average running-time at the Sands: one and a half hours, but on salient occasions — like Joey Bishop's birthday, Senator Kennedy's visit, or closing night with Bob Hope kibitzing — the High Pashas of the Plains spilled their low-comedy high-jinkery far into the night.

One show started like this: "Who's starring tonight?" asked the m.c. From the Bronx-brass larynx of Joey Bishop off stage came a low-keyed croak: "I dunno Dean Martin is drunk; Sammy Davis hadda go to da temple; Peter Lawford's out campaigning for his brother-in-law."

"What's Frank doing?"

There followed a knowing snicker, and the words: "Just say somebody — somebody'll go on."

Somebody turned out to be Joey Bishop, a super-relaxed shadow of a man with no song-and-dance gifts at all, just a bored look and a rapier tongue that is usually clean and always deadly. "There is a tendency on a night like this to be a little nervous," said Joey opening night. "Please don't be."

The stand-up monolog was on. "I never drank before in my life till I worked with these guys. I was really drunk this morning. I was walking around with a snake in my hand trying to kill a stick. Dean, he hasn't opened his mouth — doesn't want to spill any.

"You see a nice family crowd here in Las Vegas — middle-aged men walking along with their daughters. But there's passion here too. A woman of eighty walked up to me at the slot machine and asked: 'Do you feel hot?'" Then Joey admonished his noisy, dinner-show audience to "please don't stop eating. If you like my act, on the way out try my jams and jellies."

The well-oiled sardines out front were patently shaken. Even a waiter dropped his tray and Joey ad-libbed: "How do you like that, the chef hit the jackpot!" Then with a tilt of his funny triangle face, he bugged his beady eyes, pursed his lips and swung back into his monolog. "Now that I'm working with four stars I got no dressing room. I have to change with the chorus girls — it's sort of an honor system," and only a fast wink creased the skillful deadpan: "They're very nice girls though. I just spoke to one and she said, 'No.'

"It's all make-believe here in Las Vegas, including myself — an eleven-hundred-dollar tuxedo — torn underwear. I don't gamble. I lost money last night in the stamp machine . . . Sonuvagun, I never saw so much wealth in my life. I dropped a quarter in the lobby, the bellhop picked it up for me. I hadda give him a dollar tip.

"Have you seen the marquee? The way they've got my name way down on the bottom only tall dogs will know I'm working here."

Bishop rarely used blue material, e.g., "One night I was shaving and I said to my wife, 'Do you mean to sit there and tell me . . .'" He netted some of his biggest chuckles at the expense of his cohorts. Happily, they loved it, and so did the audiences. "Finish eating," Joey told his guests, "the other guys are sensitive. Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin are gonna come out and tell you about some of the *good* work the Mafia is doing." Dean came on from stage left, Frankie from stage right, both in dinner jackets. They stopped, looked at each other questioningly, shrugged, then exited without a word. The audience broke up. It was, like so many of their wildest japes, purely a sight gag. As they went off, Joey looked after them, "Sonuvagun," he said dryly, "Italian penguins."

Or all four aces would charge on in Indian regalia, tomahawks at the ready

Sinatra: "Summit meeting, Indian style, with popcorn. Me big chief running water."

Dean: "Me no take single drink all year just double."

Joey: "Speak, brave."

Frank: "Me no brave, me chicken."

Joey. "Speak, brave chicken."

Frank: "Must keep it clean. Otherwise cops come. We get twenty years."

Sammy: "You call me paleface one more time, I club you with tomahawk."

When the laughter subsided, Joey announced: "Now it is my pleasure to introduce Contestant Number Two. Sammy Davis, Jr. I don't know who staged this show, but I don't think it looks right for one Jewish fellow to follow another." On came Sammy, as Joey headed for the wings. Before the applause died down Sammy swung into *She's Funny That Way*. Through an off-stage mike Dean Martin warned him he was singing Frank's song: "Don't sing any more of The Leader's song." But Sammy kept it up, with Joey, off stage, encouraging him to "Keep singing, Sam; Dean just fell again." Sammy struggled manfully then with the lyrics as Dean's voice again came out of the wings: "Joey, where's the bathroom?" And moments later: "There's gotta be a way outta this room. Am I locked in? Whaddaya mean I need a dime to get out?"

Sammy looked done in as Frank, or "The Thin Gin" as Dino calls him, came rattling down a narrow aisle, wearing an oversized, misbuttoned three-quarter coat and a baseball cap plugging *Ocean's Eleven*. "Hey," he said, "how come you're singing my song? You crazy or something, singing The Leader's song?"

But Joey rescued Sam, came on with, "Frank, it's Sammy's night. He can sing any song he wants tonight. Besides, he's halfway through; let him finish." Frank relented and he and Joey, arm in arm, skipped off stage like Shirley Temple and Bojangles in *The Good Ship Lolly Pop*.

Sammy drove into *Hey There* and out of a side door leading from the wings to the Copa Room popped Dean: "Hey there, would you hold it down, please?" Joey (off stage) fired back: "Dean, close the bathroom door." He did, and for the first time we heard from low-comic Buddy Lester: "Hey, Dean, move over." Then Joey and Peter Lawford strolled nonchalantly across stage in their tux shirts, jackets, and their undershorts, carrying neatly-folded pants across their forearms like waiters' linen.

The fun was always free-form and zany, and turn-abouts were common. Some nights Dean would take a crack at singing, while Sammy heckled from the john. Without fail, the Summiteers tried to break one another up with off-stage heckling and ad-libs that were often funnier than the on-stage material When they succeeded, which was often, the audience lapped it up. In fact, the infectious happiness on stage projected on the audience with such force that the scene at the Sands might have seemed to an outsider a classic demonstration of hysteria. In such an atmosphere, every gag, every gesture, every amble across the stage by a star, had the whole place rocking with wild glee.

Sammy introduced Peter Lawford who lent the others, avered Davis, a dash of "dignity." Sammy asked, "You wanna dance with me? Do you realize I happen to be one of the greatest Jewish Mau Mau dancers?"

"I'm not prejudiced," said Peter.

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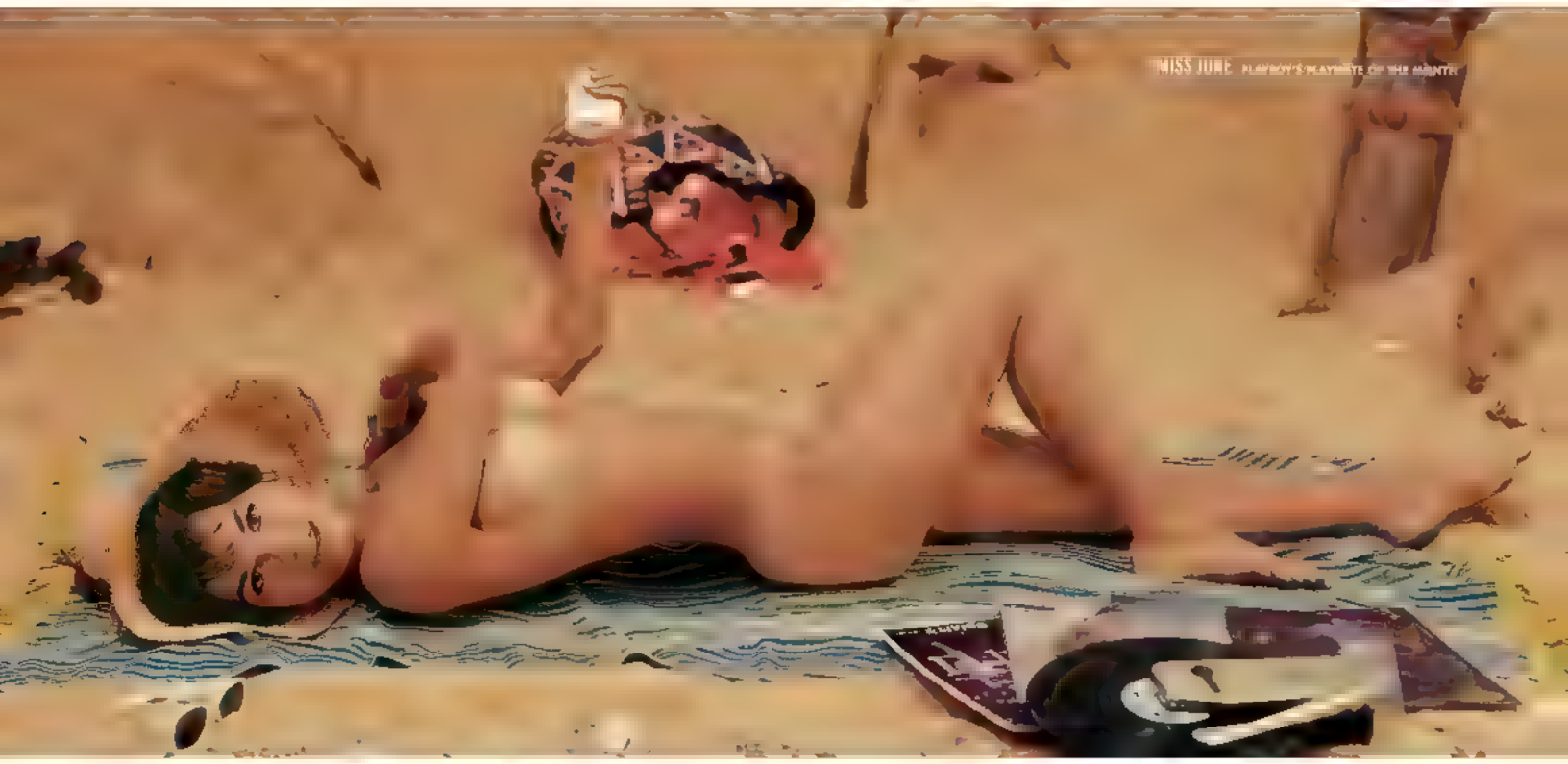
miss june gets a head start on summer

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON BRONSTEIN, PLAYBOY STUDIO

PERKY IN THE STRAW

HATS, IN THIS YEAR of Presidential politics, are most often publicized as objects for throwing into rings, but we thought it only proper that they keep their reputation for ornamenting ladies' heads as well. With this in mind, we accompanied delectable Chicagoan Delores Wells as she inspected several summer chapeaus, to see which would get her straw vote, and to gift her with same. We should have known better: complacent in the knowledge that PLAYBOY was picking up the tab, Delores happily bought all the hats she tried on. We couldn't complain, though, since her next stop was a private beach where she tanned those areas of her epidermis not tannable at public beaches and posed as Playmate, wearing a hat—and nothing else.


MISS JUNE PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Never underestimate the power of a woman at a hat shop: with awesome energy, our Delores spent most of a weekend, in Chicago's Pompian Shop, exuberantly experimenting to find out which hats would go to her head.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The reason today's girls will do things their mothers wouldn't think of doing is that their mothers didn't think of doing them.

It's easy to admire a good loser at a strip poker party.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *neurotic* as a person who worries about things that didn't happen in the past, instead of worrying about something that won't happen in the future, like normal people.

A girl should use what Mother Nature gave her before Father Time takes it away.

Latest word we have from Hollywood concerns a young producer moving into lavish new offices who had his interior decorator on the carpet because she'd forgotten to include a studio couch.

The gods gave man fire, and he invented fire engines. They gave him love, and he invented marriage.

Some men like big girls, others like little lasses.

Charlie entered the airlines ticket office in a rush, but did a double-take almost immediately: the girl behind the ticket counter was as magnificently endowed with feminine equipment as any girl he could ever remember seeing. What's more, she was clad in a gown whose diving neckline barely observed the boundaries of decorum. And to cap matters, she was evidently unaware of his presence, for she bent low over notations she was making. Finally, she looked up and saw him.

"Oh! What can I do for you, sir?" she cried gaily, taking a deep breath.

Charlie heard his own breath hissing in his ears, like steam, but tried manfully to master the situation. He did, after all, need two tickets to Pittsburgh.

"—Uh—" he began, distractedly, "give me two pickets to——"

Man's greatest labor-saving device is the love of a rich woman.

Pitiable is the word for Milton, the manufacturer. He accumulated millions making men's suits, and lost it all making one skirt.

As soon as most women have a drink or two, they start looking for a chaser.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *taxpayers* as people who don't have to pass a civil service exam in order to work for the government.

To most modern writers, sex is a novel idea.

As Mark fixed himself a martini to carry him through the ordeal of waiting while Peggy got ready for their date, he could hear her singing in the shower.

"Sorry I'm so late," she finally called out to him, "but I was shopping and lost track of the time." Clutching a large towel about her, she edged into the room. "Would you like to see me in my new dress?" she asked.

Mark took appreciative note of her newly bathed charms straining at the confines of the barely adequate towel.

"I would like," he said with a smile, "nothing better."

Before you allow yourself to fall in love with a pair of bright eyes, make sure it's not just the sun shining through the back of her head.

Heard any good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill., and earn an easy $25.00 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment goes to first received. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"Please, Jerry — not now — not here."

four fables of the post-bomb world

By HENRY SLESAR

DOCTOR: The employment advisor exchanged his professional calm for unprofessional exasperation. "There must be something you can do, Doctor," he said, "a man of your educational background. The war hasn't made savages out of all of us. If anything, the desire for teachers has increased a thousand times since A-day."

Dr. Meigham leaned back in the chair and sighed. "You don't understand. I am not a teacher in the ordinary sense; there is no longer a demand for the subject I know best. Yes, people want knowledge; they want to know how to deal with this shattered world they inherited. They want to know how to be masons and technicians and construction men. They want to know how to put the cities together, and make the machines work again, and patch up the radiation burns and the broken bones. They want to know how to make artificial limbs for the bomb victims, how to train the blind to be self-sufficient, the madmen to reason again, the deformed to be presentable once more. These are the things they wish to be taught. You know that better than I."

"And *your* specialty, Doctor? You feel there is no longer a demand?"

Dr. Meigham laughed shortly. "I don't feel, I know. I've tried to interest people in it, but they turn away from me. For twenty-five years, I have trained my students to develop a perfect memory. I have published six books, at least two of which have become standard textbooks at universities. In the first year after the armistice, I advertised an eight week course and received exactly one inquiry. But this is my profession; this is what I do. How can I translate my life's work into this new world of horror and death?"

The Employment Advisor chewed his lip; the question was a challenge. By the time Dr. Meigham left, he had found no answer. He watched the bent, shuffling figure leave the room at the end of the interview, and felt despair at his own failure. But that night, rousing suddenly from a familiar nightmare, he lay awake in his shelter and thought of Dr. Meigham again. By morning, he knew the answer.

A month later, a public notice appeared in the government press, and the response was instantaneous.

HUGO MEIGHAM, PH.D.
Announces an Accelerated 8-week Course
"HOW TO FORGET"
Enrollment begins Sept. 9.

LAWYER: "I'll be honest with you," Durrel said to his client. "If times were any different, if A-day had never happened, I could guarantee you a verdict no worse than manslaughter. But with things as they are — " He dropped a weary hand on the young man's shoulder. McAllister might have been a statue for all the response he got.

"So what happens now?" he said bitterly. "Do they throw the book at me?"

"Try and understand the way the court feels," the lawyer said. "Since the war, the population has been reduced by ninety percent. Even worse, the female-to-male ratio is almost eight hundred to one and not getting any better." He arched an eyebrow. "There is no official statute regarding it, but I can tell you this — if it was a *woman* you'd killed in that brawl, the judgment wouldn't be nearly so harsh. That's the way the world is, son. That's what we've come down to."

"Then I don't have a chance? I get the full penalty?"

"That's up to the jury, of course, but I wanted to warn you in advance. When you go back into that room, I want you to be prepared for the worst."

The door opened, and the square face of the bailiff appeared. "Jury's in, McAllister. Come on."

The lawyer shook his hand, without speaking.

The verdict was: guilty of murder in the first degree. Sentence was announced immediately by the judge, in order that no time be wasted in its execution. The following day, McAllister, his teeth clenched and his face blanched, was married in civil ceremony to his victim's eighteen wives, giving him a total of thirty-one.

MERCHANT: Swanson came into the board room, sustaining an air of executive nonchalance that even his enemies found admirable. It was common knowledge that this was the day he would have to answer for his failure as President of the United Haberdashery Corporation. But Swanson was at ease, even if his opposition knew his attitude to be a pose, they stirred restlessly at his casual manner.

The Chairman began the meeting without fanfare, and called at once for a report from Sales. They all knew the contents of the report; it had been circulated privately to each member. Instead of listening to the dreary recitation of losses, the board watched the face of Swanson to see his reaction to this public accusation of his poor management.

Finally, it was Swanson's turn to speak.

"Gentlemen," he said, without a tremor in his voice, "as we have heard, haberdashery sales have been crippled badly since the war. The loss of revenue has been no surprise to any of us, but it is not this loss which concerns us today. It is the prediction that sales will decline even further in the future. Gentlemen, I contest the prognostication of the Sales Department; it is my contention that sales will be greater than ever!"

The board buzzed; at the end of the long table, someone chuckled dryly.

"I know my prediction sounds hard to credit," Swanson said, "and I intend to give you a full explanation before we leave this room today. But first, I wish you to hear a very special report from a very special man, Professor Ralph Entwiller of the American Foundation of Eugenics."

For the first time, the pale-cheeked man sitting in the chair of honor beside the President rose. He nodded to the assemblage, and began speaking in a voice almost too low to be heard.

"Mr. Swanson asked me to speak to you today about the future," he said hesitantly. "I know nothing about the haberdashery business. My field is eugenics, and my specialty is the study of radiation biology . . ."

"Would you be more specific?" Swanson said.

"Yes, of course. I deal with mutations, gentlemen, mutations which will soon become the norm of birth. Already, the percentage of mutated births is close to sixty-five, and we believe it will increase as time goes by."

"I don't understand this," the Chairman growled. "What does all this have to do with us?"

Swanson smiled. "Ah, but a great deal." He held the lapel of his jacket, and surveyed the curious, upturned faces around the table. "For one thing, gentlemen, we're going to be selling twice as many hats."

CHIEF: Mboyna, chieftain of the Aolori tribe, showed no fear as the longboat approached the island. But it was more than the obligation of his rank which kept his face impassive; he alone of his tribesmen had seen white men before, when he was a child of the village half a century ago.

As the boat landed, one of the whites, a scholarly man with a short silver beard, came toward him, his hand raised in a gesture of friendship. His speech was halting, but he spoke in the tongue of Mboyna's fathers. "We come in peace," he said. "We have come a great distance to find you. I am Morgan, and these are my companions, Hendricks and Carew; we are men of science."

"Then speak!" Mboyna said in a hostile growl, wishing to show no weakness before his tribe.

"There has been a great war," Morgan said, looking uneasily at the warriors who crowded about their chief. "The white men beyond the waters have hurled great lightning at each other. They have poisoned the air, the sea and the flesh of men with their weapons. But it was our belief that there were outposts in the world which war had not touched with its deadly fingers. Your island is one of these, great chief, and we come to abide with you. But first, there is one thing we must do, and we beg your patience."

From the store of supplies in their longboat, the white men removed strange metal boxes with tiny windows. They advanced hesitatingly toward the chief and his tribesmen, pointing the curious devices in their direction. Some of them cowered, others raised their spears in warning. "Do not fear," Morgan said. "It is only a plaything of our science. See how they make no sound as their eyes scan you? But watch." The white men pointed the boxes at themselves, and the devices began clicking frantically.

"Great magic," the tribesmen whispered, their faces awed. "Great magic," Mboyna repeated reverently, bowing before the white gods and the proof of their godhood, the clicking boxes. With deference, they guided the white men to their village, and after the appropriate ceremony, they were beheaded, cleaned and served at the evening meal.

For three days and nights, they celebrated their cleverness with dancing and bright fires; for now, they too were gods. The little boxes had begun to click magically for them, also.

BIER BARONS *(continued from page 33)*

$2.85 a week. Nothing down."

"Spend Holy Week at Forest Lawn."

"Utter-McKinley — the only funeral home in the entire world located on internationally famous Hollywood Boulevard, near Vine."

"Paste this number on your telephone. Service twenty-four hours a day One phone call does everything."

"In time of sorrow, understanding and experience are important."

Full-page ads in newspapers announce the opening of the newest, flashiest, smartest burial ground. Searchlights poke at the sky and door prizes (imitation-leather wallets with the name, address and phone number of the mortuary stamped in gold) are distributed to the first five hundred visitors. Radio commercials, practicing the soft sell, punctuate the rock-'n'-roll recordings seventeen hours a day. Ads on the benches at bus stops along Hollywood Boulevard tell you in detail what to do "when sorrow comes." The classified phone books have pages of mortuary listings and a growing listing for "Pet Cemeteries." (This subsidiary branch of the industry has become a profitable sideline. A funeral for a run-of-the-mill pound mongrel starts at a hundred and fifty bucks but can go into the thousands if you want refinements such as copper-lined caskets, a headstone carved in the image of the loved one or a chic plot close to some canine celebrity in residence in the burial ground. One enterprising hustler, tapping the parakeet-owning population, has specialized in funeral services for this species of bird. His most popular item is a gold urn for the ashes in the shape of the dear departed feathered friend that retails for a neat $2500.) One mortuary chain, striving for what Madison Avenue calls the corporate image, has designed all its buildings as replicas of Mount Vernon, not forgetting, however, to floodlight the palm trees at night. Another chain has as its identifying logo a clock with no hands. The hands have been replaced by a swinging pendulum and the legend, chiseled in the granite over the doorway, "It's later than you think."

In a town that worships success in any form, where the ridiculous is given only a passing glance, the major figures in the mortuary industry have become solid, respected citizens. You will find them on most civic betterment committees, receiving honorary degrees from universities and as guest speakers at local service club meetings. Forest Lawn, for instance, awards an annual prize at a local university. It is, fittingly enough, called "The Forest Lawn Award for Creative Writing."

Occasionally, the two major industries of Hollywood, death and movies, collaborate. The death of a famous motion picture figure starts a lot of quiet string-pulling to land the corpse (and the subsequent international newspaper stories) for one or another of the memorial parks. Some enterprising operators, planning ahead, invite motion picture figures to become members of their board of directors, or guest speakers on special occasions, with the understanding that, *if*, and *when*, they get first refusal on the remains. In this caste-conscious town, a cemetery with a good share of box-office names buried beneath its carefully manicured sod has great appeal to the average customer. Salesmen will frequently mention in their soft sell how close the Loved One will lie for eternity to a world-famous sex symbol. Reflected glory has its use in Hollywood, even after death.

One of the major improvements in the whole business of burying the dead originated in Hollywood. In the jargon of the trade it is called B.N., Before Need. Most residents of Hollywood have had at least five respectful phone calls a month from an understanding, warm, friendly voice suggesting that it is time to think of immortality. "How much better it is," intones the voice, "to pick out your final resting place now, while you are alive. To know where you will spend eternity. To find the kind of surrounding you want and deserve. How reassuring to know, and not worry about, where you will be buried and how." This is an excellent source of income to unemployed actors who made a specialty of playing the kindly judge or the understanding family physician in the boom days of B pictures. This successful technique is important to the operators of Hollywood's cemeteries. By California law, a cemetery pays taxes only on unsold plots. Once a plot is sold, filled or not, it is taken off the tax rolls.

Another new source of revenue is the Funeral Insurance Plan set up by the industry. You make regular monthly payments for your own funeral in a sort of pay-as-you-go death plan.

In tracing the development of this concept of soft-selling death, it is impossible to ignore the high priest of the industry, Dr. Hubert Eaton, a bespectacled man of seventy-eight who likes to *(continued on page 90)*

attire By BLAKE RUTHERFORD

THE KNIT SHIRT, once in doubtful taste for all save such active sports as golf, tennis or yachting, has suavely moved into every sphere of casual living. Worn winningly with slacks, shorts or swimwear, the knits — no longer seen only in the classic polo cut — have really come into their own this season. Why?

Because the new knits offer a whole caboodle of fresh style features that combine the tradition and good taste of yore with the imagination and design of today. Take a look at collar treatments, where the wide spread (sometimes with a full roll) is smart and correct. Also to be seen are basic polo collars, along with boat necks, square necks (a variation of the boat neck), shawl collars, V-necks, Continental collars with V-plackets in front, cardigans and lacrosses (originally inspired by a style of British boating shirt).

Most knits can be worn either inside or outside of your slacks, but we recommend the former for a trimmer look. Full-length knitted sleeves can be worn down or pushed up to your elbow in the Italian fashion. Bat-wing short sleeves are great, too, but these look best on taller chaps. The more familiar and faithful raglan sleeve should remain your choice in the shirt you use for more active sports, since it's designed for full freedom of movement. Available in either a flat or ribbed knit, these shirts incorporate all sorts of action inserts — in the sleeves, in vertical side panels, under the arms and at the sides — giving plenty of stretch and comfort, while holding their shape.

Time was when a knit shirt, in order to feel and look lightweight, had to be open mesh. No more. Now, through advanced weaving processes, you can get your breeziness in knit shirts that run the gamut from the lushness of solid velours to terry cloths. Cotton still dominates the scene, but don't ignore the all Orlon and various cotton synthetics. Cotton combined with Dacron, Ban-Lon, Acrilan, etc., is becoming increasingly worthy of your attention.

The guy on the right owns a good sampling of what's right in the new knits. He's donning an Italian heather tight-knit cotton mesh shirt with triangle insert, side vents and three-button placket, by Gino Paoli, $14. On his bureau, from top to bottom, repose a horizontal-striped cotton knit with lacrosse neck and string-tie sides, by Bugatti, $4. An Italian wool knit cardigan with black piping, side buckles, back collar button, by Prince Igor, $15. A cotton and Dacron texture-weave beach pullover with shawl collar, vented sleeves, waist-level pocket, by Dee, $6.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVE CUNNINGHAM

pulling the proper shirt over your eyes

knit knacks

"That Marie and her hard sell!"

words & music by COLE PORTER

article **By BRUCE GRIFFIN** *delightful, delovely, they take the measure of love*

THE LIGHTS GO DIM. You and your date settle back, and you light a cigarette for her. The pianist begins to work the ivory, while the drummer fills in with wire brushes; then a girl stands up in the spotlight and sings: "In the still of the night,/As I gaze from my window . . . " Your date turns to look at you, and, before many more bars have tumbled into sound, hands in the dark begin to reach out for each other; a romantic haze, a mist of memory bedded with desire, fills the room and settles around the boy and girl.

"Do you love me, as I love you . . . ?"

In a way, the very name Cole Porter has become a symbol of love, with all the glamor, excitement, poignancy, heartbreak, anguish and wild joy the word connotes. And whenever anyone hears a Cole Porter song, he is automatically transported, sometimes against his will, back to a scene and a moment that was once meaningful, and still might be.

At Porter's command, forgotten nights come to memory again; sights, sounds and sensations spring back into your mind. You remember the time you and a girl leaned on a piano shortly before you were going overseas and an old Chicago trombonist played *Night and Day*, softly and breathily, with a beat-up felt hat stuck over the bell of his horn. You remember a girl who made her date take her home early, so she could sneak out the back door and wait in the shadows for you, and how she came into your arms humming *So in Love*. You remember a button-cute, zippy girl from a Broadway show who jumped up at parties, tossed her long dark hair and did a belting imitation of Ethel Merman: "You're the top, you're the Colosseum,/You're the top, you're the Louvre Museum,/You're a melody from a symphony by Strauss,/You're a Bendel bonnet,/A Shakespeare sonnet,/You're Mickey Mouse!"

Certainly there have been other spellbinders and dazzlers in our time — George and Ira Gershwin, Jerry Kern, Dietz and Schwartz, Vincent Youmans, Dick Rodgers and Larry Hart, Harold Arlen, Johnny Mercer, Julie Styne, Jimmy Van Heusen, Sammy Cahn — but the thing about Cole Porter that makes you sit up is the fact that he is one of the few really top songsmiths to do a special job on both words *and* music. On the whole, the music of George Gershwin is probably more inventive and more significant in the matrix of American composition, but George needed brother Ira to turn each melody into an unforgettable song. Larry Hart could pen an excruciatingly clever and precise lyric, but needed Dick Rodgers to make it come to life. No one man has been able to capture the sophistication of love and laughter as nimbly as Cole Porter, word merchant *and* tunesmith extraordinary, and everything he attempted from the very first was cast in what we now recognize as a point of view that is his sole property: an unlikely blending of the starry-eyed and the cynical.

Hardly a week goes by without some musician, in some part of the world, tramping into a recording studio or standing up in front of an audience and knocking out a Cole Porter song. His tunes have been cut by practically everybody in the business: singers (both jazz and pop), instrumentalists (both jazz and otherwise), glee clubs, barbershop quartets and opera singers (both light and grand).

His Broadway shows — *Fifty Million Frenchmen, Gay Divorce, Anything Goes, Red, Hot and Blue,*

DuBarry Was a Lady, Panama Hattie, Silk Stockings, Can-Can, Kiss Me, Kate, to name but a few — have never been anything *but* Cole Porter shows from start to finish, no matter who produced, directed, did the book, choreographed, or starred in them.

Cole Porter has been on the scene for more than forty years, flinging his music and lyrics into the air and letting them hang there, now careless, then tender and adoring, now bitter and sardonic, now full of despair and disenchantment, now loaded with warm smiles and happiness.

He has never had time for the transient or the second rate or the feeling that he has to make do with something until the genuine article comes along. His best quality is his true, well-nigh faultless taste, exhibited in one way in the living room of his former Hollywood home, which was full of pieces of marble statuary brought back from his travels, great clusters of flowers and greenery and chairs that once belonged to nobility around the world. Only through Porter's innate sense of what is correct could such a room escape the brand of a Hearstian nightmare. It is, perhaps, inevitable that his firsthand knowledge of exotic places and people should turn up in his songs, as in the seldom heard

Ours,
The white Riviera under the moon,
Ours,
A gondola gliding on a lagoon,
Ours,
A temple serene,
By the green
Arabian sea,
Or maybe you'd rather be
Going ga-ga in Gay Paree!

Porter today is as lithe and trim as a tennis pro, and his face has a leathery look, tanned and toughened by the blazing suns of spas and beaches — symbolic of the international-set life he has lived — yet it is of a sensitive construction that mirrors his alternately whimsical, brooding, adventurous brain. It is in some ways a weary and jaded face, one that has seen an enormous lot. It makes you think that he might have meant himself when he wrote

I get no kick from champagne.
Mere alcohol
Doesn't thrill me at all,
So tell me why should it be true
That I get a kick out of you?

Some get a kick from cocaine.
I'm sure that if
I had even one sniff
It would bore me terrific'lly, too,
Yet I get a kick out of you.

Parties at Cole Porter's apartment in the Waldorf-Astoria Towers are always long remembered. "There is a great charm and gaiety about Cole," says a friend, "that nobody else ever seems to approach." Porter has even written songs during the height of a party. *Miss Otis Regrets* was one. Porter could easily have been thinking of one of his own exuberant, abandoned shindigs when he wrote

Floating
On a starlit ceiling,
Doting
On the cards I'm dealing,
Gloating
Because I'm feeling
So hap-hap-happy,
I'm slap-happy!

So ring bells, sing songs,
Blow horns, beat gongs . . .
Our love never will die!
How'm I ridin'? I'm ridin' high!

Cole Porter, it soon becomes clear, is not just a love song writer who occasionally knocks out a witty lyric; nor is he a comedy writer who occasionally pens a touching ballad Instead, he is a master of both schools. For the worldly sophistication and inventiveness in Porter's comedy lyrics also contribute to his love lyrics; the daring and defiance in his comedy are instrumental in making his love songs distinctively and romantically meaningful. From the burnished bulk of Porter's wise and witty words may be gleaned something very close to an encyclopedia of love, for through his songs he expresses almost every conceivable condition and situation that lovers can get into or out of, from flirtation to consummation, from fun to profundity, from finger-snapping elation to wrist slashing depression. Love that has not yet taken hold:

You'd be so easy to love,
So easy to idolize all others above,
So worth the yearning for,
So swell to keep ev'ry home fire
burning for!

The fruitless fight against falling in love:

I tried so, not to give in . . .
I said to myself, "This affair never
will go so well!"
But why should I try to resist when,
darling, I know so well
I've got you under my skin!

For those who want to fall in love:

Why wait around,
When each age
Has a sage
Who has found
That upon this earth
Love is all that is really worth
Thinking of?

For those who are just falling in love and mouthing goofy talk to each other.

Please be sweet, my chickadee,
And when I kiss you, just say to me,
"It's delightful, it's delicious, it's
delectable,
It's delirious, it's dilemma, it's delimit, it's deluxe,
It's delovely!"

For those who are tenderly, romantically in love.

Strange, dear, but true, dear,
When I'm close to you, dear,
The stars fill the sky . . .
So in love with you am I!

For those who are unabashedly, physically in love:

I love the looks of you, the lure of you,
The sweet of you, the pure of you,
The eyes, the arms, the mouth of you,
The East, West, North and the South
of you.
I'd love to gain complete control of
you,
And handle even the heart and soul
of you . . .

For those whose love is painfully intense:

Just disappear,
I care for you much too much,
And when you're near,
So close to me, dear,
We touch too much!
The thrill when we meet
Is so bittersweet
That, darling, it's getting me down . . .
So on your mark,
Get set,
Get out of town!

For those whose love can conquer any sort of problem:

Whenever skies
Look gray to me,
And trouble begins to brew . . .
Whenever the winter winds become
too strong,
I concentrate on you.

When fortune cries,
"Nay, nay!" to me,
And people declare, "You're
through!"
Whenever the blues become my only
song,
I concentrate on you.

For shy, reluctant types, Cole Porter suggests that love is to be enjoyed:

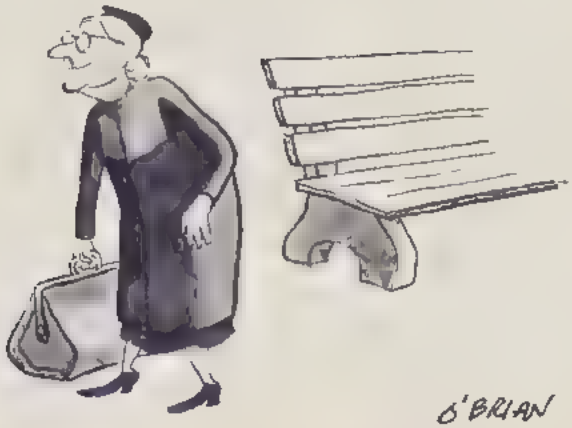
The most refined lady bugs do it,
When a gentleman calls . . .
Moths in your rugs do it;
What's the use of moth balls?

Locusts in trees do it, bees do it,
Even over-educated fleas do it,
Let's do it, let's fall in love!

The pain of parting for those deliriously in love:

Ev'ry time we say good-bye,
I die a little.
Ev'ry time we say good bye,
I wonder why a little . . .
Why the gods above me,
Who must be in the know,

(concluded on page 64)


O'BRIAN

COLE PORTER (continued from page 62)

Think so little of me
They allow you to go.

For those who would question the very nature of love:

What is this thing called love?
This funny thing called love?

Just who can solve its mystery?
Why should it make a fool of me?

If love should die, Porter recommends that we take it philosophically:

"It was just one of those things,
Just one of those crazy flings,
One of those bells that now and then rings,
Just one of those things!"

And get over the hurt in a hurry:

It's the wrong time and the wrong place,
Tho' your face is charming, it's the wrong face,
It's not her face, but such a charming face
That it's all right with me.

You can't know how happy I am that we met,
I'm strangely attracted to you,
There's someone I'm trying so hard to forget.
Don't you want to forget someone too?

Perhaps through commercial love:

Love for sale!
Appetizing young love for sale!

If you want to buy my wares,
Follow me and climb the stairs . . .

He can even comment on the proper weather conditions for love-making:

It's too darn hot.
It's too darn hot.
I'd like to sup with my baby tonight,
Refill the cup with my baby tonight,
But I ain't up to my baby, tonight,
'Cause it's too darn hot.

He describes love for a city:

I love Paris in the springtime,
I love Paris in the fall.
I love Paris in the winter when it drizzles,
I love Paris in the summer when it sizzles.

Or the awful loneliness of the big city when your love is unrequited:

Manhattan, I'm up a tree!
The one I've most adored
Is bored
With me.
Manhattan, I'm awfully nice,
Nice people dine with me, and even twice!

Yet the only one in the world I'm mad about
Talks of somebody else, and walks out.
With a million neon rainbows burning below me,
And a million blazing
Taxis raising
A roar,
Here I sit above the town,
In my pet pailletted gown,
Down in the depths on the ninetieth floor.

Why, even the janitor's wife
Has a perfectly good love-life,
And here am I, facing tomorrow,
Alone with my sorrow . . .
Down in the depths on the ninetieth floor.

Fidelity in love:

If I invite
A boy some night
To dine
On my fine
Finnan haddie,
I just adore
His asking for more,
But my heart belongs to daddy.

Though other dames,
At football games,
May long
For a strong
Undergraddy,
I never dream
Of making the team
'Cause my heart belongs to daddy.

A turnabout on the subject of fidelity:

From Milwaukee, Mister Fritz
Often moves me to the Ritz.
Mister Fritz
is full of Schlitz
and full of play,
But I'm always true to you, darlin',
in my fashion,
Yes, I'm always true to you, darlin',
in my way.

Mister Harris, plutocrat,
Wants to give my cheek a pat.
If the Harris pat means a Paris hat,
Bébé!
Mais, je suis toujours fidèle, darlin',
in my fashion,
Oui, je suis toujours fidèle, darlin',
in my way.

In his fashion, and in his way, Cole Porter has left an indelible stamp on American popular music. As Moss Hart has said, "It is hard now to remember the original impact of Cole Porter on the musical theatre of the middle and late Nineteen Twenties. He burst upon that moribund world with the velocity of a meteor streaking across the sky. His words and music had an abandon, a stunning freshness, a dash and a lyrical agility that were completely new to our ears. The verve of *Let's Do It*, the brisk ardor of *You Do Something to Me*, the sultry boldness of *Love for Sale*, the mordant glow of *What Is This Thing Called Love?* seemed to blow the winds of a graceful and polished world across the musty musical theatre of those days and make the majority of songs we had been singing sound downright provincial. The great ballads — *Night and Day, Easy to Love, I Get a Kick Out of You* — and all the others that were to run riot down the years were to come later, but in the late Twenties we were suddenly aware that a new musical voice of immense vigor and freshness was making itself heard — a forceful talent that was racy and slashing and bold, but a talent that had great elegance and a curious kind of purity. One thing was certain even then: no one could write a Cole Porter song but Cole Porter. Each song had a matchless design and a special felicity of its own that stamped it as immediately and uniquely his."

In all, Cole Porter has penned the words and music to more than five hundred songs that have been heard in a total of twenty-five musical comedies, nine Hollywood films and several TV spectaculars. It is to his credit that he is the only popular song writer whose lyrics — those to *You're the Top* — were used in a Northwestern University poetry course as an example of excellence in both meter and rhyme.

Cole Porter today divides his time among New York, Hollywood, Paris, Venice, Jamaica and other far-scattered points. He never ceases to roam in search of fresh experiences to distill into his songs, and he has now reached that point, which must exasperate him, where people continually compare each new song unfavorably with the ones that went before. This is an endless chain, of course, for the unfavorably compared ones are subsequently thought to be superior to those that follow. Somehow, Porter manages to remain unhackneyed and inventive, youthful and agile in his imagination. His songs will not become outdated as long as there are sophisticated lovers with ears to hear him and voices to limn his melodies and lyrics.

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into the late-late horror show came a dangerous but stacked intruder

fiction **By ROBERT SABAROFF**

DING DONG GHOUL

A FEW DAYS AGO, BY MISTAKE, I happened to read a column by a television critic. He was complaining that most TV shows are Videotaped now. He missed the "little surprises" that used to crop up in live broadcasts, the "charming touches of spontaneity."

Well, we had a few "charming touches of spontaneity" at the TV station where I worked. Like the time when the senator from upstate made his speech, stood up, and smashed his head on the mike boom. Or the night someone printed a dirty word on the TelePrompTer, and the newscaster read it on the air.

All of this was good clean fun compared to that legendary last showing of *Ding Dong Ghoul.*

I used to write the thing. It was one of those tongue-in-cheek horror shows that were popular a while back. The show was a mystery to me. It started because the station got stuck with a roomful of old Monster movies. They were too abominable to show by themselves, so we set up a live Monster of Ceremonies named Heinrich to clown around between film segments and sort of kid the commercials along. He had a crypt for a set and we wrote running bits for him that were tied in with the movie. We played it strictly for laughs. The mystery, as far as I'm concerned, was this—it figures that when you program a Grade Z movie late at night and feature Heinrich, an absolute mess as an actor, you expect a fiasco. It wasn't a fiasco. It was very popular.

And it was shelved. Why did the network cancel a successful show, you ask? Because Heinrich, the star, quit. That's why. The script conference at which he informed us of his plans to vacate was a script conference to remember.

"You no good louse!" screamed Liz. Liz was the producer of *Ding Dong Ghoul.* She was a tall, pneumatic brunette who didn't look at all like a producer.

"It's your own fault," snapped Heinrich. "You wouldn't give me a contract when I wanted one, before we got popular."

"We made you!" yelled Liz. "We built you out of a corpse, like Frankenstein!"

"You've been bleeding me. That's for sure. Ever since this show got a rating," he yelled back. "I got a better offer somewhere else and I'm going."

Liz just stared at him. She turned to me. "I yank this skinny bit player out of a burlesque house in the slums and look what he does!" she said. Then her voice got very cold. "Heinrich . . . I'm going to get you."

"You better do it fast, boss. I got a train to catch after the show. You can go look for a new spook."

Liz suddenly became docile. It was a quick switch and it made Heinrich nervous. She even smiled. "Gentlemen," she croaked, hoarse from yelling, "shall we write our last show? The movie will be *Fountain of Horror.*"

I thought out loud. "Fountain . . . birdbath . . . Three Coins in the Birdbath . . . shower . . . bath . . . how about if we assume that vampires hate water? Heinrich can *(continued on page 88)*

AND THEN THEY'LL WRITE...

six sobersided poets invade tin pan alley

satire **By LARRY SIEGEL**

CARICATURES BY RAMUS

Ars Poetica Rock

By ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

A rockin' song's gotta shake and swing
Like everything

Catchy
As German measles and just as scratchy

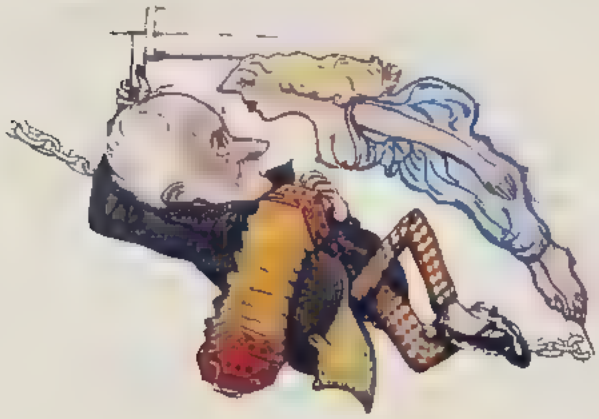
It's gotta have that big, big Beat
Make me 'n' my baby rock down the street—

A rockin' song should be on the ball
Not square, but hip, ya hear, ya all?

So listen, man,
And take careful stock:

A song should not crawl
But rock.

My my oh my, little mamma
My my oh my my my my.



Smoochin'-Fever

By JOHN MASEFIELD

I gotta cut out for my doll again, my doll with the big brown eyes,
And all I ask is a jumpin' pad with swingin' gals and guys,
And a Big Beat and a Fabe song and the whole joint a-shakin',
And a gray mist on her gum-chewin' face as a little smooch I'm
a-takin', wheew!

I gotta see my mamma again, for the call of the teenage tide
Is a wild call and a screamin' call that shakes you up inside;
And all I ask is a windy day when autumn's leaves are a-turnin',
So we can smooch to the fresh, clean crackle of textbooks
we're a-burnin', wheew!

I gotta catch my chick again and make her my swingin' wife.
For the smoochin' way and the coochin' way is our way of life;
And all I ask is a merry yip from my teenage pup named Rover,
And a quiet drive in a hot-rod car when the long rock's over,
Wheew! Wheew!
Oh me oh my, YEAH!

The Teenage Waste Land

By T. S ELIOT

April baby, why do you treat me so gosh-darn cruel?
April baby, why do you treat me so gosh-darn cruel?
Your shower of rain gives me wriggles in the knees,
Man, I need my chick Marie or my love'll freeze.
E plumbus unum, Daddy-o.
Aui, bei, mit, nach,
Seit, von, zu,
Wo ist meine Fräulein?
Oooh, Kleine, oooh!
Unreal city, baby, and that cold cold winter dawn.
Unreal city, baby, and that cold cold winter dawn.
In my dirty ears she whispered, "Jug Jug Jug Jug Jug Jug Jug."
I told her I was with it, that I dug dug dug dug dug dug dug.
Ronzoni sono buoni, bambina.
Na na na na na na na na na na
Fancy Nancy baby.
So I said to her and she said to me,
Le crayon est sur la table,
Non ou oui?
HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME LITTLE DARLIN'
HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME LITTLE DARLIN'
HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME LITTLE DARLIN'
Make my dreams come true, Ooooh!

The Fire and Ice Rock

By ROBERT FROST

Some say the world will end in fire, rock rock rock,
Some say in ice, wo-wo-wo, baby.
From what I've tasted of desire,
Pretty mamma, I dig fire.
But if the world were a two-time loser,
I think I know hate's shakin' jeebies,
So, baby, if I had to choose a
Way to go and lose my b.b.s,
I would break the ice with youse-a.
Oooh, oooh, yeah, yeah, YEAH.

chanson innocente to a old houn doggie

by e e cummings

you just a old houn do
ggie y o
u just a o l d houn
d oggie you
j
u
s
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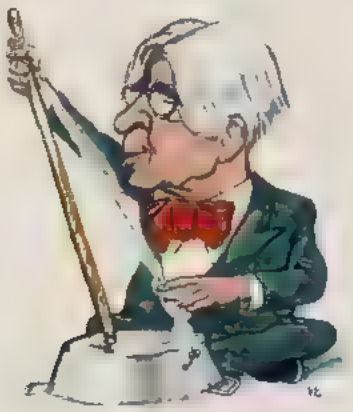


Little Okefenokee Fog

By CARL SANDBURG

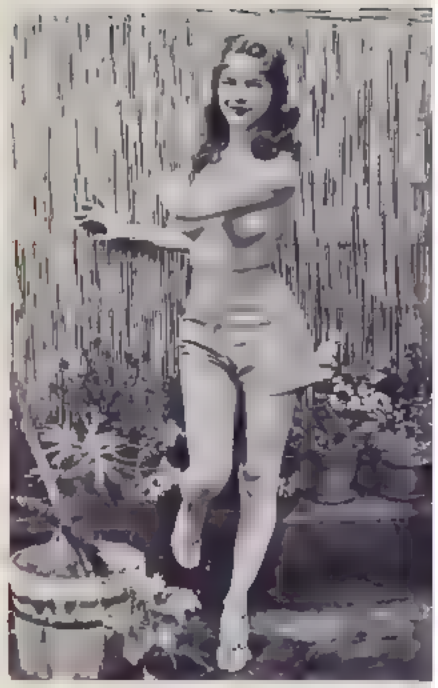
Little Okefenokee fog comes
on solid chick and cat feet.
It kicks up a rockin' storm
over our first high school dance
(Man, dig THAT beat),
then sits back on swingin' haunches
and cuts out,
chu-wah, chu-wah, chu-wah, baby!

pictorial

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

LAST YEAR'S LAST PLAYMATE turned out to be that twelvemonth's favorite. Ellen Stratton is her name, legal secretary her vocation, and she enhanced the happy holiday air of the December 1959 PLAYBOY by posing prettily in the centerfold with a sprig of mistletoe and little else. Since her appearance here, Ellen has enjoyed another kind of exposure: she was a TV guest on *Playboy's Penthouse*, and made a number of promotional appearances for PLAYBOY besides. But her sudden movement into the limelight hasn't turned Ellen's head: she's still a secretary in the West Coast law firm where she's worked for the last three years, and her dream of someday being a lady lawyer has come one step closer with her recent enrolment in nighttime law courses. Should she reach her goal, we predict that the courts she works in will enjoy SRO attendance. But whether or not she becomes a modern Portia, Ellen has already been tried and judged a standout among the country's most popular group of girls: PLAYBOY's Playmates.

legal secretary ellen stratton reviews her case



PHOTOGRAPHY BY WILLIAM GRAHAM

With Ellen Stratton representing you in the courtroom, could a male jury do anything but decide in your favor?

POWER OF POSITIVE PARKING

(continued from page 39)

just the right so-called "Safety Symbol" and you've got an unbeatable combination. A Safety Symbol is anything in, on or about your illegally parked car that justifies its being there. There are two main kinds: the first indicates that you are parked illegally, against your will, because of mechanical failure, and it works like so:

The Parksman's job is to portray a breakdown so sudden and drastic that he has had to hustle into the first available space (or double space) so as not to obstruct traffic. Leaving your car at a forty-five-degree angle to the curb with lighted emergency railroad flare tied to the rear is invariably effective, at least for the life of the flare. Jacking up one wheel is tricky. Many cops know about this, see through it immediately. But two jacks on parallel wheels — or better, on diagonal wheels — will present a teetering, incomprehensible, and totally convincing scene of chaos to all but the most sophisticated policemen. Raising the hood is another chestnut which must be garnished with care. A garage repair emblem of some sort is good; better yet, a handy collection of tangled wires, odd bits of metal, and sledge-hammered alarm clocks placed on the engine block. Again mystical to the average policeman, again convincing. The breakaway tow chain is an equipment must. In this case a seemingly stout chain is fastened to your bumper and to the rear bumper of the nearest available car — not only had you no intention of parking where you are, but you have been *towed* there. Naturally, this chain disconnects from the "towing car" under the slightest pressure.

If you are a young, vigorous fellow with the proper equipment, the immobility gambit can be used frequently, and is second to none. But what about the man who is incapable or unwilling to spend all this time and effort? What's he supposed to do — stand there with egg on his face and tickets in his hand while the auto-athletes are beating the game? Not a bit of it. Through sheer guile and cunning the sedentary Parksman will be able to park anywhere in a city, free of charge, and he will do it by careful, clever use of the second set of Safety Symbols, i.e., parking illegally because of special prerogative or justifiable circumstances.

Let's begin by realizing that the guy in blue with the shiny badge who hands out tickets, beckons imperiously, and barks at intersections is not some kind of demoniac mechanical man—he is a human being. He has his hopes and fears, his enthusiasms and emotions, just like the rest of us. The astute and unscrupulous Parksman can turn this realization into a series of potent Safety Symbols. For example, most everyone has an inborn respect for the Men of the Cloth, and Medical Men. Is there any reason to suppose that the policeman is any different? Of course not. One Parksman, an actor, safely leaves his car double parked on busy, midtown streets by indicating that he is a Medical Man on a Mission. His device is brilliant in its simplicity. He drapes a long white coat over the back of the front seat and closes the door on his Little Doctor Danny Stethoscope (available at any high-type toy shop) so that most of it dangles prominently on the outside. Then, since his license plate does not read "M.D.," he tapes a hastily scribbled note on it saying "Dr. Harley Willis — Borrowed Car," and wanders over to his favorite bar for a Scotch. Once he actually returned to find a policeman waiting, dummy stethoscope in hand, which he had obligingly pried loose from the door.

"Thank goodness, Officer," the actor said, "I thought I'd lost it." The policeman then explained where he had found it, they enjoyed a polite chuckle together, the actor started his engine, thanked the policeman again and received a courteous, "You're welcome, Doctor" in return.

Representing yourself as a member of the clergy is perhaps more difficult, since it requires a certain amount of taste on the part of the Parksman. However, a neatly folded cassock in the back seat, or a Roman collar discreetly draped over the rear-view mirror will elicit profound respect from traffic cops, especially religious ones. Appropriate accompanying notes are left to the reader's discretion, in the faith of his choice.

Another type of Safety Symbol derives from the well-known fact that many cops are a hell of a lot fonder of animals than of people. Animals don't talk back or hold up drug stores and, most important, they don't drive cars. Leave a note on your windshield saying that you have taken your little boy to the doctor's and the policeman will snarl and attach a note of his own — but leave a note saying that you are rushing Rover to the vet's and he will leave you alone. "Anybody who doesn't love dogs is a rat," is imbedded somewhere deep in his subconscious, whereas he can probably think of a half-dozen kids that drive him up the wall. In fact, one of the best and surest Safety Symbols is a simple printed sign placed on the inside of the windshield, reading: "A.S.P.C.A. VOLUNTEER EMERGENCY." The passing cop will imagine helpless creatures in all sorts of desperate situations: cats in rainspouts, puppies in coal chutes, and tired pelicans on church steeples. He will see you risking your neck to save these unfortunates and shake his head with respect and admiration.

There is a strange camaraderie among the functionaries of big cities. It cannot be pinned down, exactly, but it is there. The Sanitation Worker, high on his truck, waves to the passing Postman, or you see an empty Patrol Car standing outside a firehouse. These men may be wearing different uniforms, but they are marching in the same ranks — they are On The Team.

So is the Parksman.

A powerful set of Safety Symbols is designed to show the passing policeman that you are on his side — show him, in fact, that you are out to get violators of all sorts as much as he is. Again, large printed signs are the medium. Since signs of this sort are never used by official departments that the cop knows about, they must be completely unfamiliar areas of inspection. Yet they must be convincing enough so that he will not bother to check, or *meaningless* enough so that he will not know whom to check *with*. Such "official" Safety Symbols as PARKING METER REPAIR, LEAKAGE SQUAD, BUS CLEARANCE SQUAD, TAXI MEDALLION INSPECTOR, TRAFFIC SURVEY COUNT, and WHITE LINE MAINTENANCE, have just the right tone of sententious vagary, and should be regularly alternated with other Safety Symbols. (Warning: don't try to represent yourself as a fellow cop. Policemen are a fiercely competitive, backbiting lot, love nothing more than catching each other.)

The last Safety Symbol we're going to mention is the most risky and daring of the lot. For this reason, again and again the seasoned Parksman attempts it, stimulated and fired by the very danger of the thing he does. He is like a matador working terribly close to the horns. Its name: The Famous Athlete Variation, and its success depends on whether or not the cop that comes along is a sports fan. Simply leave a note under the windshield wiper saying something like this:

"Officer — having lunch with Casey, back in an hour. Mickey Mantle."

If he is a real fan, he will actually feel privileged that Mr. Mantle has parked illegally on his beat, steal the autograph for his kids and hurry away. The danger is, of course, that he will hang around to catch a glimpse of the famous sports figure, and if you don't look like Mickey Mantle, this can be tricky.

A word of caution: don't overplay your hand. Safety Symbols are for use, not misuse. If, for example, you open your hood, jack up a wheel, tie a railroad flare to your bumper, strew medical equipment all over the front seat and exhibit a printed sign saying, "SUBWAY MOTOR MAINTENANCE," the thing simply will not go over. The cop will think you are trying to make a fool of him and he

(concluded on page 101)

THE CORK

STATUS and SPEED

(continued from page 32)

loaded; and a Mercedes-Benz economy car really *is* economical. It will run nicely on furnace oil at ten cents or so a gallon. (But Uncle Sugar will hit you if you're caught!) A Mercedes-Benz luxury car is massive with glassy-polished wood and thick leather, and there may be four radio speakers in it, one in each corner, front and rear. Mercedes-Benz *gran turismo* cars have been the peers of anything on the road, from the days of the fabled SS and SSK cars to the present. As for racing cars, brutal is the word.

A Benz-powered automobile won an American race sixty-five years ago, from Chicago to Waukegan and back, running ninety-two miles in nine hours and thirty minutes for a prize of $500, the first of eighty-four American races, Indianapolis included, won between 1895 and 1937; and three Mercedes-Benz 220SE sedans won the 1960 Monte Carlo Rally. In both cases the cars were privately entered, not factory-sponsored, but in the years between these two events the works competition department has repeatedly unleashed virtually unbeatable automobiles on a regular and predictable cycle: development and test, competition, retirement from racing, development and test, and so on. At the moment, the cycle is in the retirement phase, and while the best information available would seem to indicate that no racing is planned for the immediate future, no one quite believes it, and if a Mercedes-Benz gas-turbine racing car were to appear in the next two or three years, few among the *cognoscenti* would profess surprise. In the infant days of the automobile, racing constituted the best advertising; unlike most other manufacturers, Daimler-Benz executives have never abandoned this principle and only recently modified it. Comparatively small expenditure for conventional advertising has been the rule. They have some reason to think they have been right, since the company is, in proportion to its invested capital, one of the great money-makers in the world. American manufacturers returned to the race-publicity idea a few years ago and found that it worked very well indeed. They abandoned it under fear of legislative interference with the horsepower race, but there are many indications at the moment that they would like to go back.

The essence of appeal in race-publicity advertising was best stated by James Thurber. There is a little Walter Mitty in every man. Driving, say, a Volkswagen or a Jeep down to the drugstore, it is possible to imagine oneself running into Le Thillois corner in the French Grand Prix, flat out in fifth gear in a Ferrari, 160 miles an hour — but it's easier if one's driving a car that *can* race or is, at least, related to a racing car. And it really doesn't matter whether one has actually raced or not: the non-driver may dream of winning a novice race at Lime Rock, while the competitor may see himself winning the championship of the world, everything technically correct and in glorious Vista-Vision.

To provide the biggest possible clientele with the best possible dream-foundations, Daimler-Benz, many decades ago, applied intellection to the then-random sport of motor-racing. The French G.P. of 1914, run that year on Bastille Day, offers a clear example. Historically, the accepted mode had been for a manufacturer to make a team of three or four cars, hire some good drivers, provide mechanics and spare parts in numbers that seemed by rule of thumb to be adequate, and hope for the best. This was the way it was done by "practical, hard-headed" men. The Germans, correctly concluding that the practical, hard-headed men of the world have nearly always succeeded in lousing up everything they've touched, from government to gumdrops, elected to apply Prussian precision to the problem.

Some three months before July 14, a crew of Germans appeared at the circuit near Lyons. There were seven drivers, seven cars, a squad of mechanics and a manager. The manager was the one carrying the whistle. Promptly at five every morning the whistle sounded. The drivers proceeded to their cars by the numbers. The cars were ready because the whistle had been blown earlier for the mechanics. The cars dispersed, in no haphazard fashion, to various points on the twenty-three-mile course where, for the next six hours, they attacked assigned problems: maximum speed in such-and-such a straightaway, shift point in this approach, cutoff and braking point in another, optimum speed in that bend, *und so weiter*. At eleven o'clock the whistle blew again and everybody formed on the hotel dining room. At two o'clock, out again, until seven in the evening. Everything was noted, evaluated, put on paper, reduced to formulae. After a few weeks of this, the party left. In a month it was back again, for more practice, but with different cars. They were shorter, they had different gear-ratios, and other, unspecified things had been done to them. On the eve of the race, one of the French manufacturers, Louis Delage, said that he considered the odds against the Germans to be about twenty-five to one. It would have been a good bet: the Mercedes cars came in first, second and third.

The founders of the line, Karl Benz and Gottlieb Daimler, were not much enamored of racing, which is hardly surprising. When they began to be con-

(continued on page 78)

man at his leisure

THE COLONY, in New York, greets its guests with a stunning cosmopolitan-carnival decor. As soon as you enter the fashionable restaurant, you can sense its zestful tempo. The Tent Room, to your left, is a candy-striped paradise, a festive realm of bar and tables, vividly gift-wrapped in a canopy and wallpaper of bold stripes. Artist LeRoy Neiman, whose painting of the Tent Room captures its brilliance, recalls that "loyal Colonists hug the bar at most hours, many reluctant to break off conversation with senior bartender Mario. The atmosphere is convivial and inviting; it's a bright peppermintish spot to drink and lunch." If it's dinner you're after — a relaxing, rewarding prelude to an evening in Manhattan — exit the Tent Room (after toasting Mario's art) and slip through the tall glass door into the main dining room. The chandeliers and mirrored walls here lend an incomparable glitter to the room, and a casual glance reveals the presence of custom-crafted champagne buckets and giant hand-carved pepper mills — Colony trademarks. The pace is less vigorous than in the bright Tent Room, but warm spirits prevail. The cuisine is superior and the superb wine and liqueur list will gratify the most exacting taste. The hors d'oeuvre selection includes Pâté Maison, Poire Avocado Colony, Imported Fresh Caviar de Beluga and Foie Gras de Strasbourg. The Potage assortment includes a splendid Scotch Broth au Barley and La Soupe à l'Oignon Gratinée. Among the entrees are such Spécialités de la Maison as Sole Anglaise Paiva, Côte de Veau Aplatie and Poulet Grille Diable. The Broccolis Hollandaise or the Carottes Vichy are ideal complements, as is the Romaine Salade. Colony desserts are lovely to look at and delightful to consume; cases in point are the Beignets Soufflés with Sauce Sabayon, the Poire Sicilienne or the artistically formed Petits Fours. The service — from that initial pre-prandial cocktail to the final mellow liqueur — is unobtrusive and inimitably efficient. The waiters and captains are wholly in command, subtle in motion and knowledgeable in culinary conference preparatory to selecting one's repast. In Tent Room gaiety or dining room splendor, the Colony is a judicious blend of elegance, comfort, fun and sophistication.

Les Hors d'Oeuvres

Lafraichi 1.30 Supreme de Fruits 1.30 Pate
leris .75 Canape Colony 2.25 Saumon
Sauce Laifort 2.25 Anguille au Vin
2.25 Sturgeon Fumi 2.25 Chair de
lony 2.25 Crevettes a la
Cherrystones 1.25 Blue Points 1.35 Co

Potages

ley 1.00 Le Consomme Mili
La Soupe a l'Oignon
Waterbury 1.00 Mac

Oeufs

Omelette Forest
Oeuf Benedi

ons

hat 3.50 Scallops Fri
Bluefish Grille
Crab Meat au

eps

Pie Colony 4.00
ec Oeuf Poc
a Turque 3.
ace St. Germai
e Dain 3.95
de Bacon 3
Noir 3.75
ntale 2.90

aut 1.50 Corn
Agricol
1.25 Pommes

ole 1.00 End
iffonade 1.

uits 1.50 Gr
1.75 Poire Su

A new transcription
from the folklore
of Old Spain

Ribald Classic

THE BLUE SCEPTRE

ONCE THERE WAS A KING who vowed he would marry none but the cleverest woman in the realm. He looked far and wide and found none so wise and had all but given up when he saw a beautiful girl watering flowers on a balcony. He drew rein on his horse and said:

"Let the beautiful lady who waters the rose
Say how many petals it has, if she knows."

The girl, whose name was Mariquilla, not to be bested by a man even though he be the king, replied:

"Wielder of pen and writer with ink,
How many stars in the sky, do you think?"

That night the king thought about Mariquilla and knew that life would be empty without her, but he saw that she would not have him, king or not, unless he could get the better of her. The next day, therefore, he dressed as an old woman out to sell lace and he knocked at her door. Mariquilla let him in and fell in love with the finest piece of lace he had. "What is it worth?" she asked.

Said the disguised king: "I will not sell it for gold, but because you are so sweet, my dear, you may have it for a kiss." And Mariquilla, seeing no harm in kissing the cheek of an old woman, kissed the king and took the lace.

The next day when he rode by, the king looked up at Mariquilla on her balcony and spelled her a different riddle.

"What, lady fair, of the lace-seller's kiss?
Was it unpleasant, or was it like bliss?"

Mariquilla, realizing all, blushed and ran from the balcony and into the house and did not come out again no matter how many times the king rode by. At length he was reported ill and within the week it was proclaimed that all the local physicians had failed to cure him and that he needed the attentions of foreign doctors. Mariquilla dressed as a Greek physician and went to the palace to offer her services. When she was closeted with the king in his bedroom, she made him undress and she gave him a very thorough examination as a good doctor should. She soon perceived what the royal ailment was, and she said:

"Sire, are you not sick with longing for some damsel hereabouts?"

"I am," said the monarch. "I am in love with a damsel who waters roses on a balcony not far from here. Is there no remedy for my trouble?"

Mariquilla told him that there was. And with blue dye she painted the royal sceptre — among commoners it has less noble names — and promised him complete cure from this treatment if he would add to it exercise and mild food.

The very next day the king felt able to ride forth, and as usual he took the road past Mariquilla's balcony. There he saw her watering her flowers. He spoke first, repeating an earlier question:

"What, lady fair, of the lace-seller's kiss?
Was it unpleasant, or was it like bliss?"

Mariquilla said:

"The king has a crown; a sceptre, too.
One is bright gold, and the other bright blue."

The king then knew that he had found the cleverest girl in the realm, but so that she would not think that he had been entirely stupid, he told her to read what was inscribed inside the bracelet he then gave her. Mariquilla read:

"A doctor so clever and bold has no choice
But to marry her patient and silence his voice."

In that very moment an understanding was reached, and the king and Mariquilla were wed and lived happily ever after.

— Transcribed by J. A. Gato

"We decided to skip the talent routine this year and concentrate on the fundamentals."

STATUS and SPEED (continued from page 74)

cerned with automobiles, the problem was not how fast they'd go, but rather, if they would go at all. To achieve six city blocks without a breakdown was an occasion that called for sending somebody to the cellar for a bottle of the good stuff. After all, Karl Benz had built his first automobile without ever having seen one. A moment's thought is required for appreciation of this fact. It's as if you were to undertake the construction of a bathysphere. The bathysphere might be easier. You may have seen pictures and technical descriptions of bathyspheres, while it's unlikely that Benz had been similarly informed regarding the work of men who had preceded him, Siegfried Marcus' 1877 car, for example. Nevertheless, the 1885 Benz car was so sound in concept that it laid down the pattern that would be followed in many millions of motorcars: it had a water-cooled engine, electrical ignition, a differential on the rear wheels. In the same year, Gottlieb Daimler, working independently, produced his first engine, a one-cylinder model.

Messrs. Daimler and Benz were inventors and manufacturers, but Mercedes was a lady: Mercedes Jellinek. She was the daughter of Emile Jellinek, a wealthy man who was the son of a Hungarian rabbi. Jellinek was Austro-Hungarian consul in Nice in 1900 and, in common with most monied men of the day, an amateur motorist. He was interested in Daimler cars, then being built at Cannstatt, and he persuaded Wilhelm Maybach, Daimler's chief engineer, later famous for the Maybach engines which powered World War I Zeppelins, to design a fast sporting car. He had already bought and sold thirty-four Daimlers, and if the new one were made he would undertake to buy thirty-six — an enormous order for the day. There were two other conditions: he wanted exclusive rights for France, Austro-Hungary, Belgium and America, and he wanted the car named for his daughter, Mercedes. It was done. In point of fact, until 1920, the Mercedes car carried the two accents (Mercédès) used in her name. Jellinek may have had a practical purpose in asking for the name change: Daimler had a Teutonic ring to French ears, and the War of 1870 was still remembered. He was much devoted to his daughter, so much so that when he raced, he used her name as a *nomme de course*, and later in life he changed his legal surname to Jellinek-Mercedes. Jellinek made a great deal of money out of the Mercedes company, although he was of course no longer concerned with it when the merger with Benz came in 1926

The car Jellinek brought into being was another monument of an automobile. It revolutionized the concept of the "horseless carriage." It had a pressed-steel frame, a honeycomb radiator, mechanical valves, a variable-speed engine (most previous engines ran at one constant speed) and a "gate" or "H" gearbox instead of the standard "progressive" box in which first could not be reached from fourth without going through third and second. The 1885 Benz car had stated the form of the automobile, and the 1901 Jellinek-Maybach-Daimler car confirmed and refined it. The design features of the car were copied far and wide. It was the best automobile in the world in 1901, the first of what David Scott-Moncrieff, a Briton who is a world authority on the make, has called four Mercedes "world-beaters," the other three being the chain-driven 90-horsepower cars, the SSK and the 300SL.

The 90-horsepower car was introduced in 1913 and the chassis price was $5750 in Europe. It ran a big, slow-turning engine (1350 revolutions per minute at 85 mph). It was chain-driven. The 90-horsepower car set new standards for acceleration, ease of handling and longevity, and it remained until the beginning of the First World War one of the most desirable motorcars on the market. It had been designed to accept any kind of body, and in consequence was seen in every form, from open two-seater to limousine.

The Daimler and Benz and Mercedes cars of the pre-Kaiser War era were splendid motor-carriages, no doubt, and to have seen them running wild in races along the rutted pikes of the day, their thick-necked, ox-legged drivers fighting the brutal steering gear, navigating through the dust clouds by watching the treetops bordering the road, must have made a sight to stir the soul. (Sometimes, to be sure, the trees ran straight when the road curved, but this was held to be a normal hazard.) Their drivers were swashbucklers who now and then refreshed themselves by upending a pint of red champagne during a pit stop without fear that some busybody would turn them in for it, and they built personal attachments for their cars that are rare today. The great Camille Jenatzy, a hawk-beaked, red-headed wild man, insisted that he would die in a Mercedes, and maintained it even after he'd retired from racing. He came to his end as the result of a hunting accident. *In extremis*, he was rushed to a hospital by automobile, but expired en route. The car, sure enough, was a Mercedes.

These Edwardian giants are so remote from us in time, however, that few can remember them, and the tangible legend of the Mercedes-Benz really begins in the late 1920s with the coming of the SS and SSK models. Really one must approach the legends of the S cars with careful coldness, because hysteria is contagious, and hysteria is not too strong a word to use in assaying the values placed on them by owners and authorities both at the time they were built and currently.

To go into the intricacies of pedigree complicated by German nomenclature would result in everyone's falling off the sled here in the first turn, so we'll say only that the SS (Super Sport) was called the 38/250 SS and was preceded by the 33/180 K and the 36/220 S. The SS made the scene first in the Irish Tourist Trophy race of 1929 and was shown at the Motor Show in London the same year. Driven in the T.T. by Rudolf Caracciola, the greatest Mercedes-Benz team-driver of his time, the car beat three of the best British contemporaries, 4½-liter supercharged Bentleys. With four-passenger open bodywork the car was about 16 feet in length overall and it would do about 115 miles an hour. The six-cylinder engine was big — 7 liters, or 420 cubic inches — and was equipped with a supercharger. This supercharger, which also appeared on the 36/220 S cars, was the foundation of many weird and wonderful Mercedes-Benz legends. It was a Roots-type, named for a couple of Connersville, Indiana, boys who invented it in 1866 as a pump, and it ran only on demand. Most superchargers, or blowers, are permanently geared to the engine they serve. The Mercedes type was not. It came in only when the accelerator pedal was pushed through a stop. For technical reasons it had then to blow *through* the carburetor, rather than suck from it, and the din of the air-column blasting through the carburetor's inner mysteries was startling and siren-like. People who've never driven a blown Mercedes are likely to rant on about the explosive acceleration it produced, its appalling effect on the fellow you were passing, and so on. It was not all that violent, and a well-driven SS would go from 0 to 60 mph in about eighteen seconds, fast for its day, to be sure, but a 220SE Mercedes-Benz of 1960, a touring car pure and simple, will do it in 12.2. The SS blower was a "sprint" type, which meant that it was to be used for from ten to twenty seconds at a time only, and not while running fast, and only with a fifty-fifty mixture of gasoline and benzol in the tank.

The S cars were lean and mean-looking. They were long and narrow. On many models the distance from radiator to windshield equaled that from windshield to spare tire. To a degree that perhaps no other motorcar ever has, they exuded virility. They handled very well indeed, despite their awesome length. The driver was placed well aft, where

(continued on page 85)

SEX: ITS ORIGIN & APPLICATION

an informative lecture by professor irwin corey, the world's foremost authority

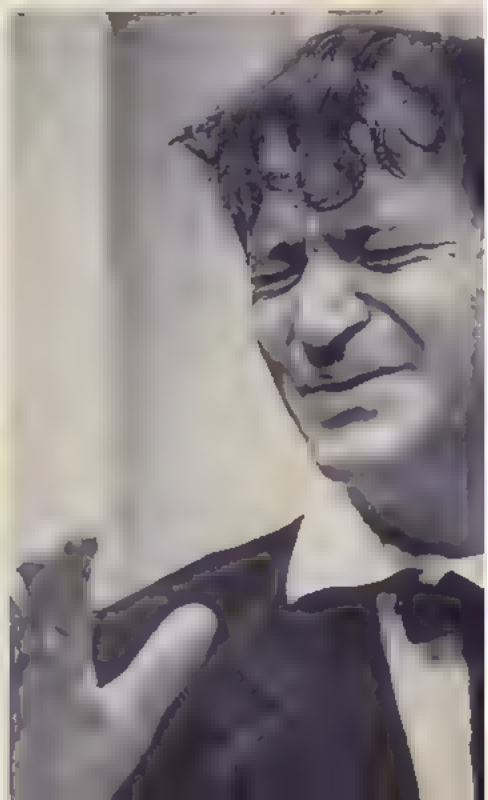
"Scientists tell us there are two great life urges: sex and . . ."

PROFESSOR IRWIN COREY, the most distinguished obscurantist of our time, has been called many things, including the following by Kenneth Tynan: "A cultural clown, a parody of literacy, a travesty of all that our civilization holds dear, and one of the funniest grotesques in America. He is Chaplin's tramp with a college education." Corey has been in nightclub, theatre and television residence as "the world's foremost authority" since 1948, dispensing oratory on the Periclean perimeter and conducting seminars on contemporary calamities, convulsing the country with his trademarks authoritatively-bellowed sophistry and shabby garb, enlivened by an incredibly mobile face. He has brightened night spots (once spent fifty five weeks at New York's Blue Angel), Broadway (*New Faces of 1943, Hilhooley, Happy as Larry, Mrs. McThing*) and TV (the Steve Allen and Jack Paar shows, *Playboy's Penthouse, Sergeant Bilko*). In the accompanying lecture, the good professor once again demonstrates his knack of getting to the heart of all that matters, on a subject that matters to all.

"Most people think that sex developed gradually.

". . . I forget the other one."

"No, no, no, NO!"



"Sex began with a bang!"

"It started in 473 B.C.—
on Tuesday, April 4th . . ."

". . . when a young Roman
named Sextus Corey . . ."

"Hark! I think I hear
one now."

"Ah, there you are,
you little rascal!"

"Must you—
in front of all these people?"

". . . discovered that by rubbing the pollen of two flowers together, he got —"

"HAY FEVER!"

"Which naturally brings us to the amoeba."

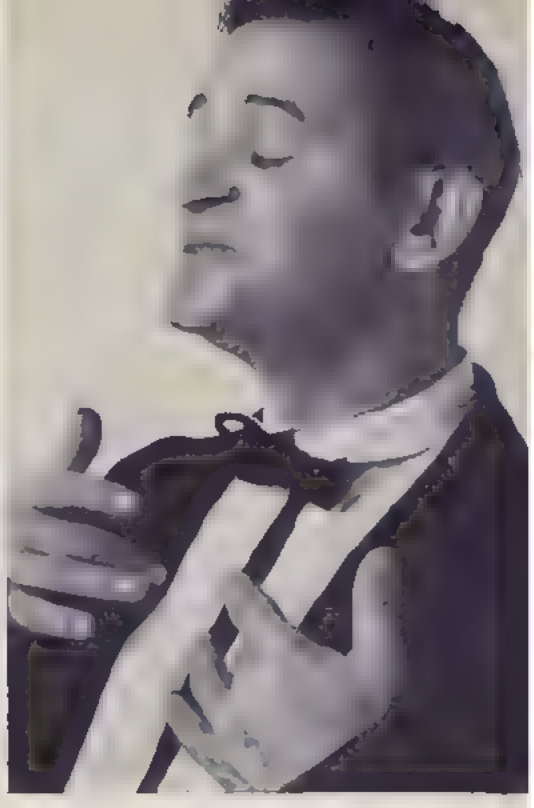
"Stop a minute — I'm talking to you!"

"Egad! He's tearing off a piece of himself! He's splitting right down the middle. The result —"

" — two amoebas!"

"I have often been asked—"

"—and I seldom refuse."



"Withal, there is something to be said for chastity—"

AND NOW, THE PROFESSOR WILL ANSWER SOME QUESTIONS FROM THE AUDIENCE.

Q.: "Can you recommend any books on sex education for children?"

A.: "Yes, indeed. 'The Sexual Urge from Six to Ten' and 'The Sexual Urge from Ten to Midnight.'"

" — if used sparingly."

"So let us enjoy the Sex Act — "

" — before Congress repeals it."

Q.: "Do you think that there should be sex before the wedding?"

A.: "No — not if it delays the ceremony."

Q.: "What about sexual positions?"

PHOTOGRAPH BY LEA BERNIAN

A.: "Sorry — no positions available at this time. All jobs filled."

Veal (continued from page 46)

sauce and oregano. Bring to a boil, and pour over the cutlets. Sprinkle the cutlets heavily with grated parmesan cheese, then with paprika and salad oil. Bake in a moderate oven, 350°, twenty to twenty-five minutes or until parmesan cheese turns brown.

BLANQUETTE OF VEAL

(Blanquette of veal is a classic French stew. In the traditional recipe the veal is merely boiled until tender. In other French kitchens, however, and in this recipe, the veal is sautéed before it's simmered. During the sautéing the juices that collect in the pot give the blanquette its rich silken flavor.)

- 2 lbs. boneless shoulder of veal cut into 1-in. cubes
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 quart water
- 3 envelopes instant chicken bouillon
- ¼ teaspoon prepared chopped bouquet garni
- salt, white pepper
- 1 lb. fresh button mushrooms
- 3 medium-size carrots, cut diagonally into ½-in.-thick slices
- 8-oz. can small boiled onions, drained
- 2 tablespoons minced parsley
- 2 egg yolks beaten
- 1 cup light sweet cream

In a deep stew pot or Dutch oven melt the butter over a slow flame. Add the meat. Sauté slowly, stirring frequently, keeping the pot covered, until meat loses red color. Do not brown meat. Stir in the flour. Add water and chicken bouillon. Add the bouquet garni, ¼ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon white pepper. Bring liquid to a boil. Reduce flame and simmer until veal is almost tender, about 1 to 1¼ hours. Add the mushrooms and carrots. Cook until carrots and meat are tender. Add the onions and parsley. In a small bowl combine egg yolks and cream, beating well. To the egg-yolk mixture add slowly about ¼ cup hot gravy, stirring well. Slowly pour this egg-yolk-gravy mixture into the pot, stirring constantly. Heat slowly, still stirring constantly, about two or three minutes longer. Do not permit the gravy to boil, or it will curdle. Remove from flame and add salt and pepper to taste. If stew must be reheated, use a double boiler.

VEAL CAKES WITH WHITE WINE

- 1 lb. boneless shoulder of veal
- 2 ½-in.-thick slices stale French bread
- ¼ cup dry white wine
- 1 small onion
- ¼ green pepper
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- ¼ teaspoon ground sage
- 1 beaten egg
- flour
- 3 tablespoons salad oil
- 10¾-oz. can beef-flavor mushroom gravy
- 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- ¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 1 cup water

Soak the bread in the wine until wine is absorbed. Put the veal, bread, onion and green pepper through a meat grinder twice, using the fine blade. Combine the ground meat with the salt, pepper, sage and egg. Mix well. Shape the meat into eight flat cakes. Meat mixture will be soft; handle gently. Dip the cakes in flour. Pour the oil into an electric skillet heated to 360°. Brown the cakes well on both sides. Remove cakes from pan. Drain fat from skillet, but let drippings remain. Return meat cakes to pan. Add the mushroom gravy, tomato sauce, Worcestershire sauce and water. Bring to a boil. Reduce heat to 280°. Simmer twenty minutes. Be sure to make enough. These cakes taste so good you'll want to eat them and have them too.

For almost everyone* the new look in

STATUS and SPEED *(continued from page 78)*

he could receive early warning of incipient skid. The SS models steered nicely but the brakes were chancy. Like the 300SL in its day, the SS stunned even knowledgeable beholders. After having driven one for the first time, in 1929, the editor of the British periodical *Motor Sport* was moved to say, "Words fail me — this is the most amazing motorcar it has ever been my fortune to drive." Some current authorities take a more balanced view, arguing that razor-sharp factory tuning was needed to get superlative performance from an SS, and that legend grew about the car mostly because it was scarce and expensive. (Only one hundred and fourteen SS cars were built and forty survive.)

The SSK was an even rarer beast, only thirty-three built, of which fourteen still live: ten in the United States, three in Britain, one in South America. The SSK was so called for the word *kurz* or short. The wheel base was 1 foot, 5¾ inches shorter than the SS', or 9 feet, 8⅛ inches. It was lighter in chassis, more powerful in engine: 225 horsepower with the blower going. It handled better, particularly in corners, and would do 120 miles an hour in an era when an ordinary, off-the-peg store-bought car that would run 75 was a hot number indeed.

The S cars reached their pinnacle in the SSKL, which was a Super-Sport-Kurz Leicht, or light. To achieve this lightness, the designer, Hans Nibel, had provided for, among other things, the drilling of many holes in the chassis. Every hole had of course been shrewdly calculated but even so, a broadside view of an SSKL was enough to give the neophyte driver pause. saucer-sized perforations ran the length of the exposed side-rails, and indeed everything that was big enough to accept a drill seemed to have known one. The car had a fussy, high-compression engine and the biggest of the three catalogued superchargers, delivering air compressed to 12 pounds to the square inch. This blower was known in England as the "elephant blower" in deference to its size, and the term became one of the great clichés of the day. People who didn't know a supercharger from a lemon-squeezer would knowingly refer to any sports M-B as having "the elephant blower, you know, old boy."

The SSKL produced 300 horsepower with the elephant pulling, certainly a startling figure for a production sports car. To evaluate the car by U.S. standards, it must be compared with a 1960 Chrysler 300F, which can be had with 400 horsepower. A 300F will certainly do 140 miles an hour and no doubt would equal the 147 which was the noted top speed of an SSKL running with a standard body. Similarly shrouded, a 300F Chrysler would probably do the 156 reached by a streamlined SSKL, but the SSKL did it twenty-nine years ago, in 1931. The really astonishing fact in the SSKL's career was its success when run against full Grand Prix racing cars. It won the Hill Climb championship of Europe in 1931 and the Mille Miglia of the same year. Fewer than ten SSKLs were built, and Scott Moncrieff knows of the existence of only one, in a museum in Dresden.

The S cars were available until 1934, and in 1933 the company's sports-car program was overlapped with the introduction of a softer fast touring car, the 500K (500 for 5 liters of engine, K for Kompressor, or supercharger). The 500K was not as well known or as much admired as its successor, the 540K of 1937. The 540K was lusted after by many as the last decade of peace between the wars ran out, and it is lusted after by many today. A 540K is a big automobile, its wheel base nearly 11 feet, its weight nearly three tons. Driving all this mass is an eight-cylinder supercharged engine of 5.4 liters. A 540K in perfect tune will do 106 miles

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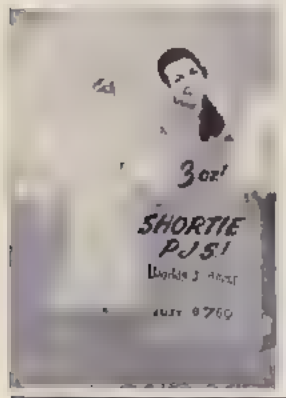

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an hour with the blower going. It has independent suspension on all four wheels, is marvelously comfortable, steers heavily and has a slow, irritating gearbox. It usually carries low and heavy but somehow lithe-looking coach work, chromed outside exhaust pipes. New, it was a $14,000 motorcar and it looked it. A 580K, designed to do 140 miles an hour, was cut off by World War II, but an even bigger model, the 770K *Grosser* Mercedes, was made in small number. *Grosser* was the word for the 770Ks: they were huge, nearly 20 feet long. A 770K was the carriage of choice for top-ranking Nazi nabobs, and some had them armor-plated. Goering had a convertible and Hitler's tourer featured a little platform under the front seat on which he could stand to peer out at the *heil*ing throngs.

But these cars were toys, compared with the racing models of the 1930s, the lithe, big-wheeled W25s and W125s. Laurence Pomeroy, the most eminent authority writing on the subject in the English language today, has stated his considered belief that with the W125 the piston engine reached a peak of development it will probably never come to again. The W125 eight-cylinder engine of 5.6 liters (a shade bigger than the Rambler V-8's) developed *646 horsepower*. The car weighed less than an ordinary two-seater sports car and would do 200 miles an hour. The level of skill required to use this fantastic power on a two-lane road-racing circuit was so high (the engine would spin the rear wheels on dry concrete at 150 miles an hour in *top* gear!) that there were never at any one time as many as a dozen men in the world who could achieve it, and only one, Caracciola, could be said to have wholly mastered the car. The W125 was succeeded by the twelve-cylinder W163, a very slightly slower 468-horsepower car better adapted to twisty circuits, and these two automobiles, together with the German Auto-Union cars, completely dominated pre-World War II racing. That was in fact their purpose: both firms were partially subsidized by the German government in recognition of the potential propaganda value of their performance against French, British and Italian competitors.

The Daimler Benz factories were virtually laid flat on the ground by World War II bombing, but many of the firm's most talented employees survived, and production was soon put in train. Small passenger cars were produced (Mercedes-Benz had made small rear-engined cars and small diesels in the 1930s). Rudolf Uhlenhaut, in charge of research and development of racing cars, and Alfred Neubauer, in charge of racing proper, ran three W163 cars in the Argentine Grand Prix of 1951. They finished second and third. Mercedes-Benz passenger cars began to run in rallies. The 300SL

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appeared in 1952 and ran second and fourth in the Mille Miglia. Three were entered at Le Mans in that year. With the twenty-four-hour race almost over they were running second and third to Pierre Levegh's Talbot, but Levegh, who had insisted on driving the entire stretch unrelieved, was groggy with fatigue and made an error in judgment that blew up his overstressed engine. The 300SLs, running steadily and conservatively, took the first two places. They won the Mexican Road Race that year too. In 1954 a new Grand Prix car was unveiled, the W196. It developed 300 horsepower and weighed only 1540 pounds—or considerably less than an MG. It won first and second places in the 1954 French Grand Prix, its first appearance.

In 1955 Mercedes-Benz won literally everything: the Grand Prix championship, the sports-car championship, the touring-car championship. Juan Manuel Fangio, to retire five times champion of the world, was now driving for Mercedes-Benz, and so was Stirling Moss, the second Englishman in history to have a place on the team (Richard Seaman was the first, in the 1930s). It was in 1955 that Pierre Levegh, driving a Mercedes at Le Mans, lost control, knifed into the crowd and killed more than eighty people. (He had been given a place on the team primarily as a public relations gesture in recognition of his heroic singlehanded effort of the year before. Nevertheless, he was a thoroughly competent driver.) And it was in 1955 that Stirling Moss, with Denis Jenkinson sitting beside him and reading the road to him off a 17-foot-long strip of paper, won the Mille Miglia in a 300SLR—a 2½-liter G.P. car modified for two passengers and road use. He drove for ten hours, seven minutes and forty-eight seconds over open highway at an average speed of 97.9 mph—which meant that he was doing 170 mph wherever he possibly could, and running 125-130 through towns and cities!

Alfred Neubauer, who hadn't driven a racing car for decades, had an important role in Moss' Mille Miglia victory, as he had in every race Mercedes-Benz had won since the First World War. Neubauer—a corpulent, bearlike man, was obsessed by attention to minutiae. When the experts were seen taking the temperature of the road surface before a race, they were doing it because Neubauer had asked them to; when Mercedes-Benz drivers and technicians appeared on the Mille Miglia course two months before a race to run thousands of miles in practice in three different models of cars, Neubauer was in charge. He loathed emergency, but when it struck he was ready, and if a cotter pin was needed, or a spare engine, it was at hand because Neubauer had seen to it. His power was absolute and his orders unquestioned. He controlled the cars rigidly from the pits during a race, moving one up, dropping another back, changing drivers according to an overall strategic scheme. Instant punishment awaited a driver who flagrantly disobeyed him, although one first-line driver of the 1930s, Manfred von Brauchitsch, did occasionally defy him and get away with it—but he was a Prussian and an aristocrat and for all his ferocity Neubauer, who was not of noble stock, couldn't quite get over that hump.

Retired from racing now, like the company itself, Neubauer's reputation is secure. of all those who have followed his pecuniarly demanding profession, he was the best. So is Uhlenhaut the best: an engineer who drives so well that he can extend any car, even a W163, to its limit, and thus know, as a man of lesser ability could never hope to know, exactly wherein it might be flawed.

Every sport is to its devotees the sport of kings. If you think curling, essentially the business of sliding granite rocks on an ice rink, is an unexciting endeavor, you haven't talked with many curlers; badminton isn't an old ladies' game to anyone who's ever marveled at the ferocity with which the experts play it. Still, even healthy skepticism must concede that automobile-racing is demanding of man and machine. Mercedes-Benz racing engines were tested by being run flat out for forty-eight consecutive hours, and a driver like Stirling Moss has vision so acute that he has, while motoring at 160 miles an hour, identified by name another driver so far in the distance that his co-driver couldn't be sure whether he saw an automobile or a horse in the road. The Daimler-Benz Aktiengesellschaft can properly say that it knows more about automobile racing than any other organization in the world, and every Mercedes-Benz driver, whether he's running a 190 diesel, a 220 sedan, a big 300D *voiture de grande luxe*, a 190SL or 300SL sports car, is really entitled to think that his car has in it at least a few of the steel genes of its ancestors all the way from Karl Benz' buggylike 1885 car to the rocketing 300SLR which so bemused Denis Jenkinson, when, in the 1955 Mille Miglia, he noticed that he and Moss were briskly passing a low-flying airplane!

"You're sick!"

DING DONG GHOUL *(continued from page 65)*

have a lady vampire in a prop coffin in the crypt and the show'll be about how he tries to force her to take a bath."

"Who'll play the vampire?" asked Heinrich. "It's been a one-man show and I'm not about to ring in a partner on the last one."

"We can fake her," Liz said. "She'll be in the coffin the whole time, anyway." She turned her beautiful eyes to me again. "Write it," she snapped, and thus was conceived a horror.

• • •

Our director was Screaming Smith. He was called that because he had no faith in the intercom headphones that cameramen and stage managers wear, so he used to scream his directions into the intercom and hurt everyone's ears.

"Don't shout tonight," said the audio man. "I turned up the volume of the intercom and you don't have to shout tonight."

"Thank you," said Screaming Smith. "STAND BY ON THE SET . . ."

"Please. A little softer . . . please!" said Camera One.

"SPIN THE THEME . . STEADY CAMERA TWO . . . WE'RE ON . . . CUE HEINRICH!"

"Good evening," said Heinrich to the city. "I see you've decided to return to my little heh heh apartment for a heh heh final visit. Heh heh. This is our last show, you know. I guarantee you'll be completely nauseated. Tonight I have a pretty little vampire in the coffin and I have to give her a bath. Vampires just *hate* water, you know. First, though, we're going to have another of those little home movies I know you love so much. Heh heh . . "

That was a cue. "ROLL THE COMMERCIAL FILM . . ." shrieked Smith.

The audio man held his ears. "It's no use . . ." he said.

The stage manager darted into the set, quickly checked the props, and lifted the lid of the balsa-and-cardboard coffin to make sure the shower spray we'd rigged in there was working. He sort of froze when he looked inside. Then he turned to the camera like it was a firing squad. He just stood there while the commercial film ticked away its final frames.

"WE'RE ON! GET OUT! GET OUT!" cried Smith. "WHAT'S HE DOING? WHAT'S HE DOING?"

"We can hear you, Mr. Smith," said the audio man and Camera Two in unison.

"GET THAT IDIOT OUT OF THERE!"

One of the cameramen picked up the stage manager's headphone cord and yanked on it. It worked. The director spoke very calmly and softly to the stage manager. "Now what did you go and do that for?"

While Heinrich started, the stage manager answered the question. In fact, he babbled hysterically into the intercom. Smith lifted his eyes to heaven and started to pray. Then the stage manager lay down on the studio floor and began to giggle vacantly. Some of it went on the air.

I was standing behind Smith in the control room. "What is it?" I asked

Smith began. "He said . . ." then he cleared his throat, "he said Liz is in the coffin."

"Alive?" For a second I was afraid Heinrich might have murdered her.

"Yes. Alive." He looked at me in a pleading sort of way. "She's naked," he added. Then his eyes popped open and he turned to the crew. "DON'T ANYBODY LET HER GET UP!" "What if she gets up!?" he said to me. "I'm ruined. Network might be watching. She won't get up, though. Will she get up?"

I comforted him in spite of my own sudden urge to get drunk. "She won't get up. She can't get up. She can't. She's just trying to shake him, probably, because they had a fight and it's the last show. She won't get up. She wouldn't. I'm sure. Almost."

Meanwhile, Heinrich was wondering why the cameramen were staring at him and why the stage manager was hysterical. Then came the moment of truth. He opened the coffin to start the bath bit, and he saw her. He looked in, looked up, smiled, looked in again, choked, and shrieked, "MY GOD! SHE'S NAKED!"

"He's gone too far," thought the sponsor's men, agency men, director, program coordinator, cameramen, boom operator, audio engineer, video engineer, lighting engineer, VIPs, VEEPs, mothers, stagehands and the editor of *TV-Guidebook*.

I was sweating. I looked down at the studio floor through the control-room window, and I could see the stage manager still in hysterics. Camera One had the shakes because he'd have to explain it to his wife and she never did trust show people anyway. Camera Two was nonchalant. Camera Two was always nonchalant. He didn't even smile when the senator got knocked out by the mike boom. Sidney, the boom operator, was a dirty old man, and as he kept edging over on the boom platform to get a better look, the mike kept dropping into the picture. Through it all, Heinrich plodded on, probably by reflex.

When the live segment ended and we went into the movie, all hell broke loose. Heinrich screamed that if Liz got on the air that way he'd kill her, me, the director and himself. He said he'd kill the stage manager anyway. Smith threatened to cut us off the air but Liz reminded him that she was the producer and he was a lackey and she'd fire him if he did. Heinrich tried to cover her with a prop blanket, but she threw it at him.

"You're insane!" he screamed, and they were back on the air.

Surprisingly, once he got over the initial shock he handled himself pretty well. He even started to enjoy it. As he said afterward, "It suddenly hit me that I had her over a barrel."

When Liz realized that her attempt to give him a nervous breakdown was failing, she got frightened. As the mess unfolded, we in the control room all agreed that we'd underestimated Heinrich. Maybe independence had made a man of him.

It turned into a game. While she was trying to fluster him into helplessness he was trying to make her show herself. Heinrich winked at the audience and said, "I've got to get her out of there somehow. Vampires get very dirty, you know." Then he went to the lab table that was in the set and got things to torment her with. He poured potions on her, dumped prop worms (live) on her, and even got the pet mouse (also live) and let it loose in the coffin. That almost did it, too.

In answer, she made angry gestures at him and mouthed curse words. If she hadn't been careful to stay well in the bottom of the coffin, out of sight of the cameras, it would have been very bad.

From what I heard afterward, the audience sensed what was happening. It spread from house to house by telephone, and pretty soon the whole city was ogling *Ding Dong Ghoul*. The studio phones didn't stop ringing.

"Maybe you'd better cut them off," I said to Screaming Smith. "You never know what might happen."

"Me cut them off?" he said. "I'm just a lackey. The producer said so. Leave me alone. I'm going to cry, soon, I think. I hope she does get up." The poor guy.

(The program coordinator came over in his pajamas and asked a stagehand if it was true. The stagehand said yes it was true and the program coordinator turned red and yelled, "I'll have her head!!!" It got on the air.)

"SHUT HIM UP!" roared Smith just as the audio man opened the soundproof door to go to the Men's Room, letting Smith get on the air, too.

It was a stalemate for a while. Then Heinrich got fed up with the whole thing and said to the audience, "This is the most stubborn vampire I've ever seen. She's actually growing roots in there. If you'll excuse me for a moment you can watch a commercial while I go in there and try to pry her loose." With that he climbed into the coffin. I guess he figured the director would take the cue and roll a commercial film.

"ROLL THE COMMERCIAL FILM," howled Smith.

"WHAT FILM?" yelled back Master Control over the squawk box.

What happened was that the film man got cornered by the program coordinator who was conducting an inquiry, and the man who pushes the buttons that make things happen was on the phone explaining to his mother that there really wasn't a naked woman running around the building.

So, Heinrich got into the coffin, thinking he was off the air, and started to tickle Liz. Liz struggled and fought and kicked, and the coffin shook and awful sounds came out. ("I was just tickling her,' he said afterward. "Really.")

I turned away from the monitor and looked at Smith. I felt sorry for the poor guy. He looked so sad and alone. Then the Special Phone in the control room started to ring. That was the phone that almost never rings, except in case of war, and things like that.

'Hello," I said.

"Washington calling," said a voice.

I froze. I looked at Smith. He didn't look like he'd be able to hold the phone. I wanted to run away but duty called. "Put them on," I said.

It was, naturally, the F.C.C. They wanted to know what was going on. Even worse, they were watching the show on their special monitors.

I was proud of myself. I sounded very calm. "I admit it's a bit suggestive, sir," I said suavely, "but you see, there really isn't anyone in the coffin." I was doing a good job—the right tone of dignity in my voice, the proper note of injured nonchalance.

'Isn't anyone in the coffin," the voice echoed.

"No, sir. Just Heinrich, of course."

"Just Heinrich. Nobody else."

"Not a soul, sir."

"I see. You're quite sure."

"*Quite* sure, sir. I can imagine what you thought of course, but—"

He interrupted me: "I wonder if you'd do me a service." It was not a question.

"Certainly, sir," I said.

"It won't inconvenience you?"

"Not at all, sir. Anything. Name it.'

"A simple little thing, really. Just look for a moment, if you will be so kind, at your monitor screen."

Well . . . Liz was a great trouper. She had done and was still doing a fine job of staying well within the coffin even while struggling and kicking. But, as I've pointed out, prop coffins are made of balsa wood and cardboard. A coffin, like any other box, has four sides, not counting the top and bottom. What I ask myself to this day is: why did it have to be the side facing the camera that, under the onslaught of Liz' flailing limbs, collapsed slowly, majestically and completely outward?

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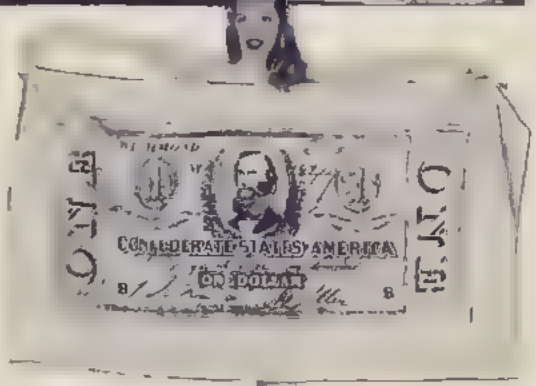

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BIER BARONS *(continued from page 58)*

be called "The Builder" but is frequently referred to, irreverently, as "The Digger," and his creation, Forest Lawn. In Dr. Eaton and Forest Lawn we have the dream, the plan and the fulfillment. He is the elder statesman of the eternity hustling dodge and his creation is the General Motors of the Memorial Parks.

Forest Lawn itself dates back to the early days of Hollywood. When Eaton, who had just gone broke operating a silver mine in Nevada, arrived on the scene, it was just another run-down cemetery. In the forty-three years he has been its guiding spirit, he has turned it into a model (or a horrible example, depending on your point of view) of its kind.

Let's take a close look at this Paradise of Burying Grounds, with its nine hundred employees, its staff of cosmeticians who are better at gilding the lily than anyone who ever turned out the cooky-cutter glamor queens at the major studios. In the process, you may get a greater insight into the revolution that has taken place in the old-fashioned, frock-coated, serious business of burying the dead.

At Forest Lawn, beauty is a key word. It is a marketable image. The illusion is built that the Loved Ones go directly from the chic slumber room to Eternity, and must look the part.

Naturally, with this emphasis on beauty, one of the most important artists is the cosmetician. And the word artist is not used flippantly. In a land where violent death is frequent enough to become commonplace, the Forest Lawn cosmeticians are masters at what is rather pleasantly described as "reconstruction work." Many famous plastic surgeons have spent many profitable hours in the white-tiled workrooms of Forest Lawn, picking up pointers. Cosmeticians at Forest Lawn are also at the service of the Loved One's relatives and will spend patient hours discussing the exact dimensions of a smile or the exact angle the head is to be tilted. On particularly difficult cases they will work from a color photograph in a strange example of art imitating art.

Another specialist will discuss the problem of props. A pipe in the hand of a male Loved One is considered ideal. Toys are available to be clutched in the hand of a child. Special prop requests are considered and discussed. A man who loved horses may seem undressed, even in death, without a riding crop clutched in his hand. Forest Lawn welcomes this kind of creative thinking on the part of its customers, and no suggestion for a prop is summarily dismissed as long as it is not obscene or, in their words, undignified. There is also a large choice of leave-taking clothes available in the Forest Lawn wardrobe, clothes that run the gamut from shrouds to tails. Again the choice is limited only by the imagination of the relative. Burying a railroad tycoon in an engineer's overalls is considered colorful and appropriate.

• • •

Physically, Forest Lawn is overpowering. More than eighty miles of pipes are used to water and drain its three hundred acres. There are more than 100,000 shrubs and an uncounted number of evergreens (no leaf shall fall at Forest Lawn to remind anyone of death, even in the plant world). Hidden behind the shrubbery are loudspeakers that play recorded birdcalls and music (*Indian Love Call* and *Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life* are the two top tunes on the Forest Lawn Hit Parade). There are eight miles of winding roads and twenty-eight separate buildings with 370 stained-glass windows. There are no headstones and no crosses visible. Graves are marked by flat plaques.

There are separate areas called Eventide, Babyland (shaped, in Forest Lawn's words, like a mother's heart), Lullaby Land (every Christmas, small decorated trees and toys are placed on each grave), Graceland, Inspiration Slope, Slumber Point, Sweet Memories, Vesper Land and Dawn of Tomorrow. Obviously the namers of housing developments could take a couple of lessons from the Forest Lawn phrase-makers. Dr. Eaton has gone in for architectural reconstructions in a big way. The three churches within the geographic limits of his Memorial Park are not just churches, they are replicas of historical buildings. There is, for instance, a reconstruction of the church in Stoke Poges, England, where Thomas Gray wrote his famous *Elegy*. There is another that is a replica of the Wee Kirk in the Heather, and the third resembles the parish church in Rottingdean, England where Rudyard Kipling worshiped.

These transplanted churches are not only available for funeral and memorial services, but, for some inexplicable reason, a good percentage of the citizens of Hollywood baptize their children and sanctify their marriage vows inside the iron gates of a cemetery. The statistically minded might want to know that, to date, more than 43,000 weddings have taken place in these three churches.

Forest Lawn has one section set aside for the VIP trade, the Garden of Memories, which the trade magazine *American Cemetery* describes as "a room with the lawn for a carpet and the sky for a ceiling." Owners of memorials in this area are given Golden Keys to open the bronze gates that keep the casual tourists and gawkers out. Jean Harlow is buried here in a $25,000 mortuary chamber purchased by William Powell, who was to have been her fourth husband. Miss Harlow's tomb has been closed to the public. Too many of the worshiping pilgrims came to say a prayer and wound up chipping hunks of marble off the tomb as souvenirs. The Garden of Memories also contains the mortal remains of such names as Florenz Ziegfeld, Tom Mix (his horse, Tony, is buried in an equally posh Hollywood cemetery specializing in four-footed celebrities), John Gilbert, Joe Penner, Irving Thalberg, Marie Dressler, Carole Lombard, King Gillette (the inventor of the safety razor), Theodore Dreiser, Atwater Kent, Aimee Semple McPherson and Carrie Jacobs Bond.

Lon Chaney is buried beneath an unmarked marble plaque, the anonymity being explained this way: "Mr. Chaney was a rather retiring person who valued privacy." Despite that, Forest Lawn salesmen drop his name into a sales pitch that suggests that what's good enough for the top stars of Hollywood is certainly good enough for your old dead Uncle Charley. The celebrities buried in Forest Lawn also contribute to the public acceptance of it as an institution with that elusive something Hollywood calls "class." Evelyn Waugh, who wrote a scathing satirical novel on Forest Lawn called *The Loved One* (the press agent who showed him around was fired on publication day) summed it up this way: "At Forest Lawn, the body does not decay. It lives on, more chic in death than ever before."

Available in the more classy category are such refinements as a vending system and arrangements to have tape-recorded music played to the Loved One for all eternity. For the shoot-the-works, you-only-die-once crowd, the tab can crowd a million dollars, as was the case with the Irving Thalberg Mausoleum.

Until 1958, Forest Lawn was a restricted cemetery. Its facilities and services were available only to Caucasians. By dint of a California State Law, passed in 1908, this kind of posthumous segregation became illegal. Forest Lawn now accepts Negroes and orientals, and to date there has been no evidence of any old-time resident of a Forest Lawn plot turning over in his earthquake-proof, copper-insulated grave.

Dr. Hubert Eaton, the guiding spirit behind this Technicolored Valhalla, looks at first glance like the last man in the world you would cast for the role he has been playing so successfully. Physically, he would not be out of place leading the pep songs at any Rotary Club meeting in the country, or as a member of Dale Carnegie's faculty. Beneath the benign, slightly cornball exterior is a shrewd mind, cold-blooded determination and what one Hollywood critic described as "the divine gall of

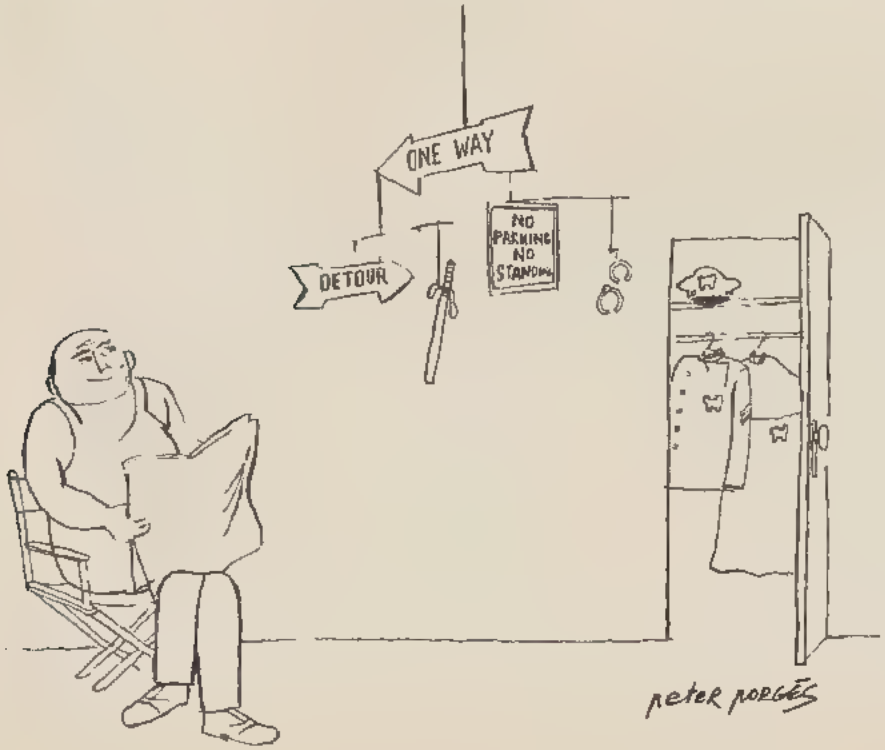
"Ladies, do you have the leisure time to do those things you really want to do?"

the successful card shark." As befits a leader of industry, he is a man of awesome influence. To wit: the Eaton home used to be just across the geographic boundary line of Beverly Hills, a much-sought-after address to the status seeker in Hollywood. Dr. Eaton is now, however, legally a resident of that prestigious community without having moved a stick of furniture. A zoning change happened to take place that annexed the block he lived on and made it part of Greater Beverly Hills. On one occasion his influence extended as far as Europe. During a vacation trip, the Eatons turned up in Rome to look over some local works of art with an eye toward taking a few of them back to Forest Lawn. (The Eatons collect statuary and other works of art the way most tourists collect match covers or picture postcards.) They lusted after Michelangelo's mammoth masterpieces *David* and *Moses* displayed at St. Peter's in Chains, but they realized they were beyond the reach of even a mortuary millionaire. They decided to settle for replicas. Not copies. Replicas. In order to cast these, it was necessary to move in a pack of experts to measure and survey in preparation for making the necessary molds. That meant that Rome's famous Church of St. Peter's in Chains would have to be closed for a day. Eaton's agents admit to spreading a little money around Rome on cocktail parties and to making several contributions to worthy causes. Whether this was effective or not (it had always worked back home), the fact is that for the first time in history, the church was closed for a day so that the casts could be made. The *David* statue (with fig leaf added) is on display in a section of Forest Lawn called — no surprise — the Court of David. The *Moses* statue is displayed in an area called the Cathedral Corridor in the Memorial Terrace, and Dr. Eaton uses either replica as a backdrop when he poses for official press pictures.

Dr. Eaton's influence even extends to the press of Los Angeles, and he is frequently identified in photos as "Great Humanitarian" or "Great Benefactor." One exception to the kid-glove handling of Eaton and Forest Lawn occurred when showman Earl Carroll was killed in a plane crash. With him at the time was a young lady named Beryl Wallace, described in newspaper accounts of the crash as "his closest friend." Carroll's will made provisions for his burial at Forest Lawn and contained a request that a marble monument for himself and Miss Wallace be erected over his grave at a cost of $50,000. Dr. Eaton and his staff looked through their available stock of marble memorials in the warehouse and came up with something they considered appropriate. A rumor got out that the statue had precious little clothes on it. One newspaper gossiped that Miss Wallace herself had posed for the statue Eaton had chosen and blue-noses screamed about nude women being put above a tomb in a memorial park. One enterprising photographer sneaked into the tomb (it had been closed on Dr. Eaton's orders, like a Garbo set) and took a flashlight photo of the statue. Dr. Eaton cried dirty pool. He claimed that the wings and drapes of the gown on the statue had been removed by retouching the photo. Finally, a press conference was held and the statue was shown for the first time. It was a five-foot bronze sculpture of a female angel wearing a flowing gown and a pair of elongated wings. It was the work of Alexander Weinman, and since it had been executed in 1915, before Miss Wallace was born, the rumors about its model died down. Dr. Eaton, as an example of his vision, said he had purchased it in 1916 and kept it for just such an occasion as this. Everyone agreed that it was more artistic than vulgar, and the Earl Carroll incident was closed.

The incident did, however, focus the spotlight on the one gimmick that lifted Forest Lawn head and halo above its competitors. It was a sure-fire gimmick in a town that genuflects in the presence of anything that is said to be Art or Culture. Dr. Eaton loaded Forest Lawn with more works of art than the Louvre (more, not better). His globe-trotting vacations and the art savvy of his Mills College wife fulfill the dual purpose of adding culture to his business enterprise and supplying him with still another source of revenue. Dr. and Mrs. Eaton return from Europe loaded down with works of art. They buy them in wholesale lots, by the ton. Each new acquisition is placed around the park (with a little sign that says, "This statue may be purchased as a private memorial and moved to another location in Forest Lawn"), the way merchandise is put on display in a department store. The memorial shopper has his choice of nudes, angels and pieces of sculpture glorifying motherhood, marriage, old age, togetherness, innocence, cleanliness and joy. In Madison Avenue parlance, when the Eatons put them on display they are "sustaining" memorials. When they're sold and moved to another location, they're "sponsored."

The sale of these artifacts is just so much gravy to the basic purpose behind the culture gimmick. Like that guy with the tailgate truck selling snake oil, a businessman has to get within lapel grabbing distance of his customers. Dr. Eaton has latched onto art and culture as his equivalent of the hula-dancing girl on the truck who attracts the customers within earshot of the commercial. His competitors have tried to climb on to the bandwagon (it is not uncommon to have an art show in a mortuary slumber room or to invite a local chamber music group to give its concerts in the oak-paneled reception room of most any funeral parlor), but Forest Lawn and Dr. Eaton are miles ahead of their competitors in this race for wedding culture and commerce. His two biggest coups that have turned Forest Lawn into a tourist attraction second only to Disneyland grew out of his art-scavenging trips to Europe. There, he found the last surviving member of a family of stained-



glass window artists, Rose Moretti. He commissioned her to make a thirty-foot by fifteen foot replica in stained glass of Da Vinci's *Last Supper*. It took five years to complete and the process was not without its dramatic moments. The figure of Judas cracked five times and Miss Moretti had to start all over. After the fifth crack, Miss Moretti, taking this as a sign from a force more powerful even than Dr. Eaton, thought of abandoning the whole project. After much persuasion by cable she agreed to make one more try. This time, Judas stayed in one piece and today, *The Last Supper*, by Moretti, out of Da Vinci, backed with tape recorded music and narration, is unveiled every hour on the hour in the Memorial Terrace. The performance is free. However, a goodly number of the tourists stop in the curio shop on their way out and carry away a souvenir of their visit. The curio shop does a hefty business in what carnival men call "slum." Some of the top-selling items include: money clips, cocktail napkins, jigsaw puzzles, charm bracelets, plastic wallets, cuff links, perfume and powder sets, jackknives, demitasse spoons, crayon coloring books for children, and cups and saucers, all, of course, with the Forest Lawn name on them. Dinner ware, with selected color scenes of Forest Lawn baked into it, is also available. The newest item is a plastic walnut shell with hinges on one end. The shell opens and inside are a series of color slides of Forest Lawn. The legend on the cover says, "Forest Lawn in a Nut Shell."

The current most popular attraction at Forest Lawn is a huge painting of the Crucifixion that finally found its way to Memorial Park after the kind of chase sequence in which Alfred Hitchcock specializes. It all began when the Eatons heard tantalizing rumors of a huge religious painting by a certain Jan Styka. It had been painted at the suggestion of Paderewski and at one time had hung in one of the Czar's palaces in Russia. Eaton discovered that Styka had brought it to America for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in 1904. There was no building large enough to house it there, and further inquiry disclosed that Styka had returned to his native Poland *without* the picture. It was presumed that he had sold it, but the trail ended in New York in 1905. Acting on the assumption that a painting as wide as a twenty-story building is high can't remain hidden forever, Eaton continued the search. He stalked the picture for five years, hiring people to follow the trail through Customs declaration bills of lading, warehouse receipts, freight manifests, and finally found it in the warehouse of the Chicago Civic Opera Company, wrapped around a telephone pole and hidden behind the discarded scenery of a forgotten opera production. After paying the tabs it had accumulated since 1904 he had it crated and shipped to Los Angeles to allow his Board of Regents and the Forest Lawn Directors to inspect it. The only building large enough to display it in was the Shrine Auditorium. It was rented for the day. But even the largest stage in Los Angeles was not wide enough for it. It extended around the sides of the auditorium when it was displayed for the Forest Lawn brass.

Jan Styka's painting was a smash.

The Board of Regents and the Directors of Forest Lawn gave Eaton the go-ahead to build an appropriate shrine to house it. The Hall of the Crucifixion (which cost a million-and-a-half dollars to build) was opened in 1951, and since then the painting has played to full houses seven times a day. Frequently the line waiting outside for admission resembles the line outside Radio City Music Hall on Christmas week, with Brigitte Bardot on the screen and God on the stage. Once inside the Hall of the Crucifixion (fifteen hundred seats), the spectator discovers that it is wider than it is long. The lights dim, the inevitable recorded chorus begins singing and a deep-throated announcer intones the story of the painting as the huge curtains roll open and reveal the giant canvas. An illuminated arrow points out salient features as the recorded lecture proceeds. There is a small admission charge.

Dr. Eaton and Forest Lawn have recently received the final accolade, a reverent, genuflecting book called *First Step Up Toward Heaven*. Written by one of the all-time great sob sisters of journalism, Adela Rogers St. John, it contains the kind of gushing, purple prose that went out of style when Mary Pickford finally cut off her curls and ended an era. Miss St. John has written a volume that in its own quiet way has the importance of *Mein Kampf*. Just as Hitler's volume served as a blueprint for future dictators, *First Step Up Toward Heaven* offers the world the step-by-step, inside story of how it all happened. The merchant princes of death have found, in Miss St. John, their Boswell. She is an apt choice.

If the old Hollywood, the movie capital of the world, is disappearing (and one survey trip through the idle sound stages confirms it), a new Hollywood is growing up in its place. The land that has spawned many a fantastic, cynical, cold-blooded enterprise in its gaudy history is well on its way to becoming identified to future generations as the natural habitat of commercialized, gimmicked death, what one leader of the corpse brigade aptly calls "the packaging of immortality."

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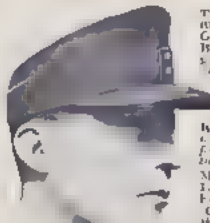

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RUNAWAYS

(continued from page 30)

and meant to slam on the brakes. But in his sudden fright, he jammed the accelerator to the floor board, dragging Fritz and motor scooter on a crazy, twisting run down the road until the car ran into a ditch and the motor stalled.

After the funeral, Drew drove Hester home. He brought with him the only sovereign specific he knew, a bottle of whiskey. He sat with her until he finally knocked her out. He put her to bed and spent the rest of the night on the sofa. The next morning, she seemed quiet and composed, and talked sensibly about her going back to work. They both understood that she would not come back to work for Drew.

Two weeks later she did go to work, and for a few weeks seemed to be feeling her way into her new situation. Drew had gone to see her every day the first week after Fritz' death, and then, as she seemed to be doing so well, but mainly because she opened his own wound by reminding him that Fritz was dead, he cut his visits to once a week.

Hester had received ten thousand dollars from Fritz' insurance policy. One day she drove a fire-engine-red Thunderbird home. The next day she had a temper tantrum where she worked, and quit. She spent the rest of the day on a wild shopping spree. And a week or so after that Drew had taken some business associates out to the Green Onion and the embarrassed owner had taken him to one side.

"Drew, Fritz' wife was in here last night," the owner said. "She was loaded, and with Danny Chapman. You don't know him but he's no good. Will you tell her that Fritz was my friend, and if she wants to go to hell, then do it somewhere else, not in my bar?"

So Drew knew that Hester was still in mourning. And he reflected that there was no little book with a bright cover entitled *How to Pick Up the Pieces After Your Husband Dies*. But he went over and talked to her, long and earnest, about her behavior. She listened very meekly, and then she said something that disturbed him more than anger or tears would have done.

"You know, Drew," she said, "I wake up and I look around my room at the bed and the vanity, and out the window and see the plum tree and the sunlight on the window sill, and I get so scared, Drew, I get so scared."

"Because it seems so unreal?" he asked.

She shook her head. "Oh no," she said. "Because it seems so real, you just don't know how very real it all seems."

But the fury passed; one day she was running wild and the next day she drove the Thunderbird down and sold it. She gave her clothes to the Salvation Army and began wearing plain skirts and blouses. She left off lipstick and rouge and returned to wearing her hair combed back into a bun. And she bought a dog, a long, lean tall beauty of a Doberman pinscher, who growled deep in his throat whenever he saw Drew.

"That dog doesn't like me," Drew said, "and I damned well don't like him."

"Oh, you two should get on famously," Hester said. "You both have my best interests at heart."

Drew vaguely comprehended the car and the clothes, the drinking, and even Danny Chapman. After all, he thought, to roar down the road in a red Thunderbird is sailing into the wind. But now she stayed at home, refusing to move to an apartment or to share her house with another woman or a married couple, as he suggested. And her attitude toward the dog baffled him: in the middle of a caress she would strike it savagely. And most curious of all, she gave it no name.

The growing remoteness in her face and her abstracted conversation disturbed him more and more on each visit. There was something he must do for her, he was the only one who could, he felt, but what?

"The first time I saw Hester," he said to Nora, "she was headed straight for an open manhole. And I didn't save her to set up high housekeeping for a damned black hound."

Nora's answer had been cryptic, oracular. "Then save her again," she said. "Save her as many times as you like. As many times as she needs. But don't lose yourself doing it."

• • •

These thoughts were thick and festering in his mind as he turned the last corner and saw the lights. Every light was on, and in the surrounding darkness, the house lay drowned in light. The blaze of brilliance was more terrible than a scream. He parked his car and stood outside the light, clenching and unclenching his fists, his lips moving in dread.

Fritz forgive me, Nora forgive me, he thought, and marched into the light.

At the door he called her, and receiving no answer, he pushed the door open and walked in. He moved toward the rear of the house, his heels making a small sound on the bare parts of the tile floor. From the entrance into the dining room he saw her, and stopped stock still.

"Hester," he said, "I'm here now."

She was standing on the side porch, erect, with her hands straight down at her sides. As he drew up behind her, she made no move, as though she had elected to be unaware of him. He put his hands on her shoulders and turned

her slowly to face him

His hands went up and cupped her face and, twining his fingers into her hair, he tilted her face up to him. She looked up at him, dull-eyed and unseeing, and he leaned forward and kissed both her eyes. Then he placed his forehead against hers and held it there, and as he did so, he was aware that it was a gesture he made to his daughters when they were hurt or grieving.

"You are loved, Hester, you are loved," he said. He had known he was going to say it, but the inexorable truth in the sound of the words nevertheless took him by surprise.

She made a small effort to start away from him, but he held her, and a long shudder went through her. He held her until she quieted, and when he let her go, she stood before him, submissive as a child waiting for punishment or forgiveness.

For the first time he saw the hammer in her hand. He reached out and took it from her, gently disengaging it from her unwilling fingers. She turned away from him, making a confused, violent gesture toward the back yard. He walked past her to the door leading to the yard.

The dog lay in a patch of darkness at the foot of the steps. Standing on the top of the back steps, he knew that it was dead. He thought sadly that it finally had a name. Fritz lay cold in Dunhill Cemetery and he lay at the foot of the steps. And now he must be buried a second time, and then stay dead forever, so that Hester might live. Again his thoughts seemed to shame him and dishonor Fritz, but what else could have made the pony run through the night?

He spoke, quietly, over his shoulder. "Do you have a shovel?" The words rang loud and silly, and slightly obscene.

"I think there's one in the utility room," she said. Her words were spoken as though her tongue moved carefully through some old forgotten language.

When he returned to the back yard with the shovel, she was sitting on the back steps. He surveyed the yard and decided on a spot in a far corner of the yard where there were no trees. He walked off a rough estimate of the size of the grave needed, and began to dig.

Fritz' house lay on the outer edge of Lackawanna, the nearest house was three blocks away, and he felt that he and Hester were alone on an island of light in a world of darkness.

After a few minutes' steady digging, he removed his shirt. He stopped thinking and began to lose himself in the steady rhythm of shoveling dirt. When he finished he came back to the steps, minded to ask Hester for something that belonged to Fritz, a shirt, a robe, anything, but instead he bent and wrapped the dog in his own shirt, and carried it to the grave. He dropped the hammer in beside it, and after he had covered the grave, he walked back and forth, patting the dirt down with his feet.

He washed off the shovel and put it away. Now we begin, he thought, and we make no mistakes. He returned to the steps.

"Is there any beer, Hess?" he asked, and when she nodded, "Go fetch me a beer, Hess, and come sit with me."

While she was gone he bruised his mind with a sudden vision of Nora, quietly sleeping. Bitterly he thought, I have caught my pony, gentled its trembling into quietness, and having come this far, there must be no lack of love. By some hell-sent chance he loved two women and there was nothing he could do about that. But his sense of honor was troubled, and a feeling of hideous error sickened inside him.

Fritz, he thought, I only intend a kindness in the dark. And if I lay cold in a Dunhill grave, and Nora were lost, would you go find her and bring her back? But Fritz was dead, there was no answer, and he was alone.

They sat on the steps while he drank the cold beer and felt the tiredness slip away. From time to time he put the beer can down and ran his fingers through her hair or squeezed her shoulder. He spoke only once, to say, "Hess, we've run a long way, but there's no more running now."

He tilted the beer can and drank the last swallow. He stood up and drew her to her feet. "Let's go inside," he said, "before you catch a chill."

She went quickly into the house and he turned off the lights as he followed. He caught up with her as she gained the center of the living room. He took her to him and kissed her with the unhurried seriousness of a man giving artificial respiration. When he released her, he held her face again between his hands and repeated, "You are loved, Hess, you are loved," and she broke away from him and went down the hall.

He caught up with her in the hall and put his arm around her and they went in the bedroom together. Before he reached for the light switch, he took one more look at her, a look which she returned steadily and then she turned her back on him.

In the darkness again, hope for her, dread for himself, raged in his mind. If this be the right true end of love, he thought, why is there no fury in the blood, no pawing at the ground? And if I love this girl, why am I afraid, not for her, but for me? And last of all, who gallops through the night, Hester or I?

He reached for her in the dark, and when he touched her she spoke, saying one word only, but he could not catch the word. In a cruel mix of bursting love and a lather of terror, he undressed her quickly and led her to the bed. He sank down beside her to perform his

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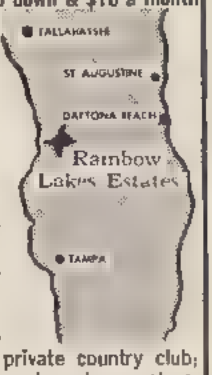

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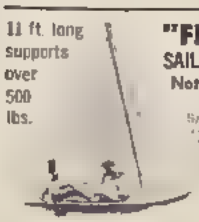

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last sad task to ransom her from the dead.

And she spoke again, first in fierce whispers, then in a wordless babble and then she turned her face into the pillow. But out of the babble had come the word she had spoken, not once but several times, and he had to know that word, and he took the pillow away from her, and when she spoke again, he heard it clearly and he cried out like a blind man suddenly vouchsafed the light.

"Fritz, Fritz, Fritz, Fritz," she cried.

As she had cried out over the telephone. "Fritz, Fritz," she had cried, "I've killed him." And he had misunderstood her meaning, as perhaps she had misunderstood. Fritz lay dead in Dunhill Cemetery, and Andrew Garth was buried in the back yard.

He understood, and did not understand. He knew and did not know, but his fears lay buried, and his true purpose came to him. He did not move from where he was. Slowly he caressed her until she was at peace with her body, and then he dressed her in the dark, as one dresses a child. He got up and put on his clothes. He came back to the bed and sat down on the edge. He lighted a cigarette and waited, thoughtless as an amoeba. After a while, she reached for it, and he knew that he could open whatever door she still kept closed to him.

"Why, Hess?" he asked, and both knew he meant, "Why did I have to do?"

"I called you Fritz," she said. She said it like the girl who had said, "Will you give me a job." She fell silent and he waited.

"You hung the moon," she said. "You pushed the stars around. You had no right to do that, and then to give me away like I was property."

"You did belong to me," he said.

"Like property," she said. "On my wedding night I called your name, and I hurt Fritz so badly, and then he was dead, not before I knew that I loved him, but before I could tell him, before I could show him. But not you. You were still here, still looking at me as though I still belonged to you. Like property."

"And the dog?" he asked, for he knew they could talk about anything.

She made a sudden whimpering sound, and then calmed herself. "He was beautiful, brave and noble," she said. "He would follow me to see that I came to no harm. At night he slept just outside my bedroom window. No matter what the weather." She fell silent again, and he waited.

"At night," she said, "I put on one of Fritz' shirts. It does no good but I do it. And tonight I went out on the back steps and you, no, not you, the dog came up and tried to push me back in the house, as if I belonged to him, and I struck him, and he caught Fritz' shirt in his mouth and he tore it, and I couldn't stand it, and it happened."

She cried then. He made no move and let her cry herself out. "I killed him," she said. "And for the first time I felt free of you, and I wanted to run and tell Fritz that I belonged to no one but him, but I knew also that he was dead. I never really knew that before, and I called your number."

"And now it's all over," he said.

Her voice was harsh. "No. I killed him," she said. "I killed him and until the day I die I'll live with that, and every day I'll be sorry."

She cried and then she slept. He sat and watched her propped against the pillow sleeping until the daylight began to march across the room. He knew it was time he left. He got up and, bending over, he kissed her, both her closed eyes, and then placed his forehead against hers. When he straightened up he saw that she was awake.

He was vaguely grateful that she made no move to get up. "What will you do now, Hess?" he asked.

"Today I'm going to leave this house," she said. "And tomorrow I may go to some other town. But leaving this house is all I've got on my mind."

"Then I won't see you again?" he asked.

"Neither you nor Fritz," she said. She smiled at him, but he couldn't read the smile. "Chunk me a cigarette and go home to Nora, where you belong," she said.

* * *

It was broad daylight when he got home. Nora was in the kitchen when he came in the house. He straddled a chair and watched her make the coffee. She smiled at him but didn't speak; it was their custom. When the coffee was made, she poured two cups and brought them to the table. She sat down across from him, and after a while she put her hand on the table. He reached out and covered her hand with his, as he did every morning. They sat in silence until the first cup of coffee was drunk, and she got up and poured another.

"Where is your shirt, feller?" she asked.

"A pony got loose last night, and I went out looking for him," he said, "and I guess I lost it somewhere along the way."

"Lost the pony or the shirt?" she asked.

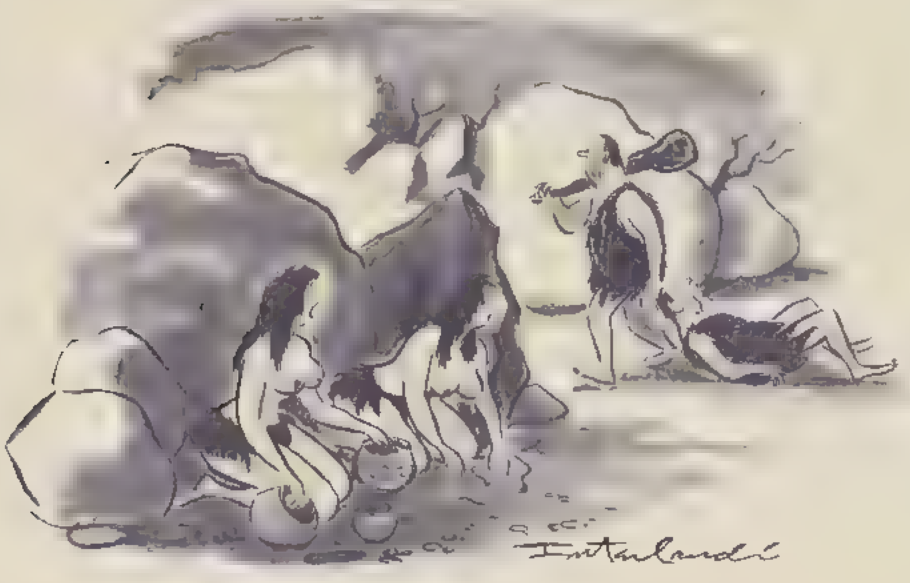
"No. I caught the pony," he said. She fixed her patient, curious gaze on him.

"Why didn't you bring the pony home?" she asked.

He smiled. "Now what would we do with a pony?" he asked. He reached out and covered her hand again.

In a moment he would begin with the hoofs sounding way over on Canberra Road and he would tell the story, and when he finished they would sit in the kitchen and drink coffee until the girls woke up and the world became daily again.

But for now he sat, thinking of Hester, seeing her moving about her house, making ready to leave it. He wished her well, and as he did so he was caught up in a vision of the pony again. It was running across an open field in bright sunshine, and he saw it slow down, then stop and begin to crop grass, moving slowly across the field. And while he watched, butterflies danced between the pony and the sun, and he saw that the pony was making its way toward a group of horses standing far off in a semicircle, waiting for the pony to join them.



"Oh-oh! I don't like the looks of that!"

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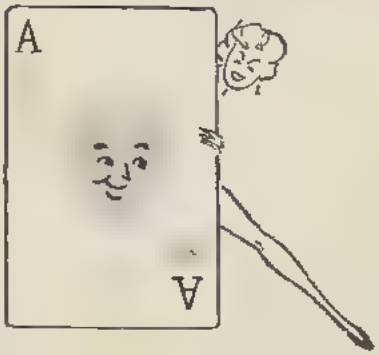

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MEETING AT THE SUMMIT

(continued from page 48)

"I know your kind. You'll dance with me but you won't go to school with me." Donning derbies, they did a fine buck-and-wing until Joey tried to break them up with: "You better hurry, the sons of July are getting restless." The warning went unheeded until Joey called to Sinatra. "Hey, Frank, look — missionaries!" Frank (off stage) asked, "How do we get him off?" and Joey said, "Tell him it's a Jewish holiday." Finally Frank strolled on, took the mike, mimicking the old days when legend had it he clung to it for support, commanded: "Get off, Sam, and take Freddie Bartholomew with you."

Dean joined Frank on stage and they sandwiched Joey Bishop between them. "Here they are, folks," Joey declaimed. "Haig and Vague." Frank thanked Joey for his herculean comedy chores, dubbing him "The Hub of the Big Wheel, The Speaker of the House," and Joey sidled up close, kissed Frank and whispered: "You wanna get up early tomorrow and we'll look for furniture?"

Dean busted it up: "Eva Marie Saint's in the audience. She just wants to say a coupla words." Then Joey: "And now a few well-chosen words from The High Lama."

Dean: "Hi, Lama."

Joey: "Speak, exhausted one."

Frank (correcting him): "Exalted one. Why do you think I put this tuxedo on — "

Joey: "What the hell, if ya gonna look dead, dress dead."

Frank particularly savored the quasi-ad-libbed ribbing he got from Joey, just as he currently digs Hollywood's sultan of insult, Don Rickles ("C'mon Frank, be yourself, hit somebody!"). Once when Joey went off stage after his monolog, Frank asked him, "How was the crowd?" Snapped Joey: "*Great* for me. I don't know *how* they'll be for you."

At last, Sinatra was on stage — raw, kinetic, ineffably primitive; and the dark house was awash with liquid rhythms. To a steady vamp, Frank charmed the audience with his casual chatter. Cracked Joey, off stage now: "What the hell kind of singer is that — the band plays and he talks." Frank sailed into Cole Porter's *What Is This Thing Called Love?* And Joey bit again: "Boy, if *you* don't know, we're all dead." Frank capitulated, tackled *She's Funny That Way*.

"*Not much to look at, nothing to see . . .*"

"You can say that again," yelled Joey. "If you stand sideways, they'll mark you absent."

"*Just glad I'm living . . .*"

"You wanna bet?" Joey asked.

"*And happy to be* "

"*Ohhh*, he's all choked up . . ."

"*I got a woman . . .*"

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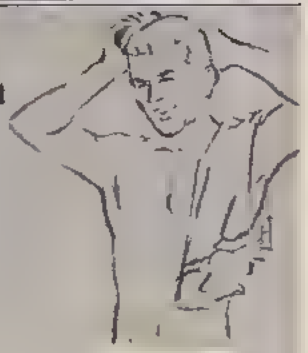

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"Broad."

"*Crazy for me . . .*"

"She's nuts!"

"*She's funny that way.*"

"She's queer," cracked Joey, and so it went. Frank, whose vagrant curl of yesteryear has long been exchanged for a wavy hair piece, still satisfied his rapt fans with renderings of *There's No You* and his salty, souped-up version of *Road to Mandalay* ("*There's a Chinese broad awaiting by that pagoda . . .*"); but on *Talk to Me*, they had at him again: "For Chrissakes, somebody out there talk to him." Dean's voice floated out of the amplifier: "Hey, Joey, have I been on yet? I thought it was my night."

Then Dean Martin was introduced—as Contestant Number Five Before Dean could sing. Joey and Frank rolled out a well-stocked portable bar. "Breakfast," mumbled Dean. "They asked me if I'd go on last and like a schnook I said I don't care, I'll go on last." Finally Martin found center stage, the band whammed into an intro and he scowled, turned, swung on conductor Antonio Morelli: "That's Sinatra's music. Play *my* music. Start where it says, 'and he staggers in.'" In his own slushy Seconal style, Dean sang special lyrics to *The Party's Over* and *Almost Like Being in Love* ("*My yellow may show up, I even may throw up, it's almost like being in love*"), then stepped up to the "breakfast" bar, emptied a bottle of bourbon over a lonely ice cube lying on the bottom of a vast ice bucket. "Let's drink up and be somebody," suggested Sinatra. But Dean had a better idea. "Let's drink up and be *everybody*." (Despite Dean's on-stage penchant for the sauce, he is actually a lighter drinker than many of his friends, often fills his glass with Coke, tea or apple cider.) The party got wilder. Sinatra went off, returned beating a bass drum reading: "Eat at Puccini" (his Beverly Hills beanery); Dean turned Frank and the drum around so the skin read: "Only three miles from Dino's" (Martin's rival Sunset Strip spot). All saluted The Leader as the band played *Kwai* march music. "Were you in the service?" Dean asked Joey. "No," said Joey, "I just love a parade."

With studied sloppiness, Dean Martin mumbled through his "newest album—*Ballads for B-Girls*." Sample lyrics: "*Won't you tell her please, to go home and shave.*" And "*I'm dancing with tears in my eyes, 'cause the girl in my arms is a boy.*" And "*Nothing could be finer than to shack up with a minor.*" Sammy cuddled up to Dean, rasped: "I wish you'd come back to me, 'cause I'm *lonesome*." Joey spotted them, said: "Well, I guess they got 'em in every race." Dean tried vainly to keep on warbling: "*You made me love you, you woke me up to do it . . .*" But Frank walked across the dark stage brandishing a flashlight and Joey cried: "Sonuvagun lost another broad!" Sammy latched onto Frank's arm and Joey added: "Congratulations, Frank, you found a nice Jewish girl. How did you manage it?" Said Frank, "I told her I was a doctor." Somebody asked Joey: "You got a fairy godmother?" Joey: "No, but we got an uncle we keep a close eye on."

It was still Dean's turn but the others continued to make it difficult for him. Finally, he let out an exasperated, "I got the funniest feeling I haven't been on yet." The band drowned him out with a crescendo of tympani and trumpets signifying he'd had it.

But Dean managed to announce that since he was still "on," he'd do a few songs by Rodgers and Hart—"Roy Rogers and William S. Hart." He sang, "*You made her say 'uncle' to my ante-mom*," muffed the lines, stopped, looked heavenward with arms outstretched and pleaded: "Don't just look down—help me!" Sinatra asked: "Just what you doin' out here, Dean?"

Singin'.

Frank handed Joey a fin: "I lost another goddamn bet."

Sinatra introduced his pale-faced pianist, Bill Miller, as "Suntan Charley. Bill's been with me six years. We've drunk about a hundred and fifty barrels of whiskey together—hot damn, boy!" And Dean introduced his accompanist: "Not only is he a fine pianist and scholar, but he's been a Communist for six years."

Ocean's Eleven Director Milestone was introduced and Joey said: "That bow you took is bigger than the part I have in the picture." Or Senator Kennedy was given a standing ovation and Dean Martin asked: "What was the last name?" Or it might have been the night Danny Thomas was in the audience and Joey cracked: "You had so much faith in your nose. You wouldn't have it operated on. So now they're filming the Durante story and who's got the lead? Dean Martin." Or perhaps it was Milton Berle who took the stage and told Bishop: "You were great and no wonder, it's my material." Squelched Joey: "Timing and delivery—that's the difference." Berle wrapped the mike cord around Joey's neck and stalked off. (Said Milton Ebey: "I've seen a lot of wild nights, but this was the greatest night I've ever seen in show business.")

Or the night of Joey's birthday: A big cake and tableload of gifts were wheeled in and The Big Four sang *Happy Birthday* to Joey, who read the icing on the cake: "'Happy Birthday from *Ocean's Eleven*'" then wondered aloud, "Does this mean my part's going to be cut?" He opened a huge box and turned to Frank. "I wanna thank you for the fountain pen."

Dean Martin squirted pop on his colleagues; Sammy Davis pushed the cake into Joey's face in a Mack Sennett finish. Joey braved as he wiped off the mess: "You're all so smart. It's not even my birthday," then turned to his sore-handed audience: "I'm not in this show. I just couldn't get a reservation." Sinatra leaped into Martin's arms and all fell to the floor in a heap. Sammy brought down the curtain with: "Tomorrow night we might start a race riot."

• • •

The Sands stand was only one more graphic example of the stunning power, talent and close camaraderie of that mid-century phenomenon sometimes called The Clan—a name that Frank digs not at all. As he explains: "'The Clan' is a

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figment of someone's imagination. Naturally, people in Hollywood socialize with friends as they do in any community, but we do not gather together in childish fraternities, as some people would like to think. *Life* magazine coined the phrase 'The Clan' in an article, and it stuck. There is no such entity as 'The Clan' and there never has been. I am fortunate to have many friends and many circles of friends, but I do not issue membership cards."

Whatever the clique is called, it is controlled by Francis Albert Sinatra whose cold-water-flat-to-Coldwater Canyon saga is one of the best-chronicled in show-business history. Its benchmarks are by now globally known: the status symbols (like Dual-Ghias, owned by Sinatra and Lawford), the coined lingo (clyde, bird, charley, ring-a-ding, used by almost the entire group); the fugitive fun the compulsive, even belligerent disassociation from reality; the late poker games and the private screenings in Frank's Japanese lair; the flyers into related ventures (Frank is now in the theatrical agency business, and handles through his right-hand man Hank Sanicola, the affairs of Dean Martin, Sammy Davis, Tony Bennett, Mort Sahl, Zsa Zsa Gabor, et al.), the chartering of buses with bars, or twin-engine planes to see a buddy through an opening night or an operation; a seemingly colossal arrogance matched only by truly spontaneous generosity. They can spend loot like oil magnates. They like you, they say it with Thunderbirds. They are supremely free of the rules and almost never earthbound—even for Louella Parsons. They make records, movies, TV shows together—and each studio becomes a sort of emotional bathhouse when they are around. They hark to the wee hour calls of their Leader, also known as The General, The Dago or The Pope, who no longer draws just locust swarms of pubescent girls but idolaters of all ages and Frank responds. "I don't mind being accused of loving women," Frank says. "Just never accuse me of hating one."

They *are* what they *do*, this group of friends. And Frank more than any of them keeps creditably busy at doing. ("I don't want to have time to think.") They observe a conspiracy of silence about one another, keyed to Frank's defensible edict. "An entertainer has a right to his privacy that is as inviolate as any other person's." When Sammy Davis Jr. broke the rule and discussed Frank openly with d.j.-interviewer Jack Eigen last year, he lost his assignment in Sinatra's *Never So Few* and the part was rewritten for Steve McQueen. Today, Frank and Sammy are pals again, and they speak warmly of each other. Says Sam: "He's my ideal because he has in his lifetime, without any teachers, accomplished lots of things I want to

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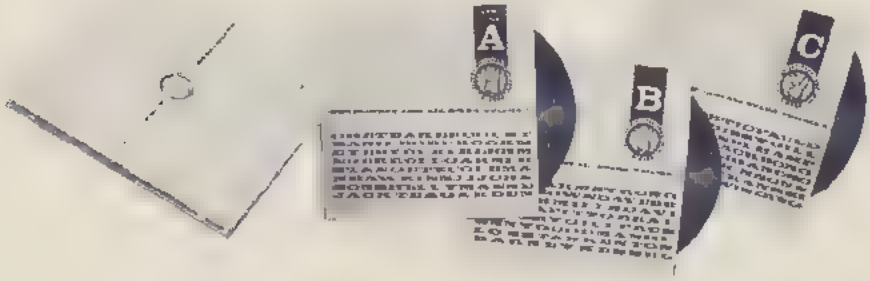

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accomplish. I dig him so much. He's pertinent! He connects with you here"—and he points to his heart. Frank says of Sam: "I would never want to follow him on stage."

New pal Joey feels that Frank is a genius and "I like to be around a genius once in a while." What holds the group together? Says Joey: "Respect for each other." And Shirley MacLaine, who with Frank's friends George Raft, Red Skelton and Tony Curtis is doing a cameo in *Ocean's Eleven*, is today's Den Mother, the successor to Lauren Bacall, who so wittily mama-ed Bogart's Rat Pack, the group of Hollywood nonconformists out of which the present gang grew. Says Shirl: "I guess I'm a self-imposed fringe member of The Clan. I never get over the fact that I'm sitting there with Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin—he's the funniest man in the whole universe, and Frank's the most talented."

Dean Martin, known variously as Dino, Dago, The Jolly Neapolitan and The Admiral, is indeed the funniest of the lot. When in Vegas a reporter asked him how he stood up under the strain of acting all day, singing and clowning at night, gambling till dawn and taking care of a wife and seven kids, Dean said: "I do get some rest. Luckily, I faint a lot."

With characteristic understatement Dean says: "We have a group that's a little different. We don't bull each other. We're actually just real, no pretense, say what you want, no airs." And Peter Lawford, who, with his millionaire wife Pat Kennedy, are loyal pals, adds: "There is one thing that is not stood for by any of the group—no phony crap. The girls in The Clan have the respect of the guys like Frank and Dean and myself because they're kind of one of the guys." Judy Garland is also held in high esteem. Frank likes her because, outside of all that talent—a prerequisite of membership—"she's got a sadness about her." And Judy says of Frank: "I always think of him as my child." To his precursor Bogart, Frank was both "an iron man" and "a kind of Don Quixote, tilting at windmills."

But for all the tight-lipped togetherness and windmills and forays into all the chimerical areas of existence, the meeting of The Clan, The Big Five, The Gang, or call them what you will, was a scene Las Vegas will never forget. The Summiteers turned away as many customers as they drew (some thirty-four thousand) and tripled business—even though Dean and Frank liked to sit in as part-time dealers at the Sands' gaming tables and let the suckers win.

Says Frank: "I'm night people is what I am." Most people also think he is as rare as a Dual-Ghia—and uncommonly ring-a-ding.

POWER OF POSITIVE PARKING

(continued from page 72)

will give you a ticket. He may even put you in Bellevue.

Every organization is bound to attract a few crackpots. A Parksman Emeritus we know is an unfortunate case in point. In the early days, innovation and daring were his constant companions in the earth-bound Space Race. He was the first to use abandoned horse stalls for parking places, and still stands as the only theatregoer in history to park backstage during a performance. He crossed the line between imagination and lunacy when, attempting camouflage, he bought a gray car and painted a curb on it. However, he did come up with a workable concept: one of the best ways to safeguard your car against tickets and summonses is to *hide* it. At first glance this seems impossible in the city without resorting to a garage. *But what about the public parks?* Find a luxurious clump of shrubs and trees, reasonably near an exit, to park your car:

"A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye! — "

To make it *wholly* hidden, add concealing boughs and foliage as the season dictates. At this writing, there are at least twelve autos *known* to be safely bivouacked in Central Park in New York City.

As everyone knows, parking meters are popping up all over large cities like poison ivy spots on the "let's-take-a-walk-in-the-woods" set at college dances. And like this poison ivy, the parking meters can show up in the most embarrassing and improbable places — like where you want to park, for instance. Actually putting money in the thing violates the first requisite of the Parksman, which is: completely unrestricted, absolutely *free* city parking. (Incidentally, there's one exception to this which we'll discuss in a moment.) Still, if your meter barks out "expired" to the passing gumshoe you're bound to catch a ticket. A Southern friend of ours figured the way around this impasse, which he calls the "Ku Klux Klan Ruse." By means of a canvas bag and some stout string, securely hood the meter. The cop naturally can't see if it's expired or not, he can't remove the hood to find out without a great deal of effort, he doesn't know if he *ought* to remove the hood in the first place, and since it is much easier for him to give you the benefit of the doubt (tickets must be painstakingly printed out in duplicate) he will go on about his business. Leaving the hood in place, even when you depart, will save the spot for next day, as hooded meters mean strictly No Parking Allowed to the average city driver.

One thing about a city like New York is that everybody is always leaving it, for vacations, weekends, and frequently business or pleasure trips of longer duration. To the prospective Parksman traveler, this presents a thorny problem: what to do with his car if, say, he is going to be out of town for two months. Parking as he has been, free and easy, anywhere in the city, he is *certainly* not going to break down now and garage it. He has his pride. However, none of his usual devices can possibly be relied upon for this length of time. Operating outside the law, he must find a comfortable temporary home for his iron buddy, far from the madding cop's ignoble strife. How? By charging, full tilt, into the camp of the enemy — by parking in a *Tow-away Zone.*

Here's how it works: suppose the Parksman is going to Europe for the summer. He throws his bags in the back seat and drives out to Idlewild International Airport on Long Island, about forty-five minutes from where he lives in the East Fifties. He stops directly in front of the Pan American loading and unloading area, plainly marked "Positively No Standing — Tow-away Zone." Quickly he unloads his bags, puts the car in neutral and closes the door.

An hour later he is zooming over the Atlantic, a glass of champagne balanced between his fingers. The second stewardess is very attractive. The skirt of her uniform is tight, very tight. He thinks of this for a moment and then he thinks, with not a little nostalgia, of his parked partner in crime. The tow-away-truck boys have got it by now, he supposes. It's on the long haul back to the city, where it will be safely impounded at the police open-air lot at 125th Street, Manhattan, about ten minutes' drive from his apartment. Rookie policemen will unwittingly care for it. In shifting it about they will run the motor from time to time, thus avoiding the dead batteries and rusty plugs of long, immobile storage. It will be ready to roll when he returns to pick it up. And the cost? Our aerial Parksman allows himself a quiet chuckle at this. The ticket, plus the towing charge, plus the weekly police impounding rate will, over a period of two months, *actually amount to less than if he had left it in a midtown garage.* This, then, is the one exception to the requisite of "absolutely free parking." The Parksman only pays the cops when they give him a better deal than anyone else.

Now if you think we have been kidding, if you have any doubts about the validity and positive constructive value of these secrets of city parking, listen to this:

Police Commissioners of major metropolitan cities, here is our card. We are throwing our gauntlet down and our hat in the ring. We have parked illegally on your streets for seven years, and we challenge you to produce one single recorded parking violation against us.

Those are strong words. We realize that as soon as they are read by the authorities the jig will be up for us. Our cars will be like hunted animals, driven remorselessly from one end of the country to the other, desperately hiding out in abandoned warehouses, dingy dock areas, or parked furtively on obscure side streets — kind of mechanical public enemies number one. But it will be worth it if, once and for all, we have dispelled this senseless Parking Problem myth. It simply doesn't exist for the bold, inventive driver. Keep telling yourself that, over and over: it's all in your imagination. And pretty soon, if you are a reasonably balanced person, it will disappear as mysteriously as it came.

Gentle reader, if by any chance you should still get a ticket, please mail it to us. We won't pay it, we'll frame it. We've never had one before.

PLAYBOY READER SERVICE

Write to Janet Pilgrim for the answers to your shopping questions. She will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in PLAYBOY. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below.

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Miss Pilgrim will be happy to answer any of your other questions on fashion, travel, food and drink, hi-fi, etc. If your question involves items you saw in PLAYBOY, please specify page number and issue of the magazine as well as a brief description of the items when you write.

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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

ASSERT YOUR PATRICIAN TASTE by spending a Roman holiday enhanced by the international flavor of the summer Olympic Games, set for the city of the seven hills from August 25 through September 11. In Rome, you can do as the knowing Americans do: after an afternoon at the games, sample Alfredo's *fettuccine* or the *cappuccino* at Donney's on the Via Veneto. Try for one of the top-floor front rooms at the Hassler for the best panoramic view of the old red roofs and three of those seven hills. If you wish, you can make it to the *Giochi Olimpici*, with confirmed hotel reservations and tickets to key events prearranged for you, on a thirty-nine-day tour that covers European sights for $1300, including air fare from New York.

Summer's the time, too, to sit in on a string of other European events. The festive Palio horse race around the town square in Siena and the Night Festival on Venice's Grand Canal are more marvels on the Italian scene. A sojourn in Salzburg, Austria, allows you to join in *heurigen* singing to welcome the new wine at Grinzing wine gardens; top that off with a nighttime tour of the city's little *Tanz* bars.

While you're on the Continent, don't miss the French-style bullfights at Bayonne or Dax in August. There's no gore or goring. The first trick is to make the beast charge; the second is to pluck a ribbon from between his horns or off his back as he bounds by. Since as many as fifty stalwarts may be in the ring simultaneously, competing for the premium ribbons, and since the bull's horns are padded, the whole thing usually winds up resembling a Keystone Cops epic.

There are stateside dates galore in August, too. Shakespeare fanatics can motor to festivals at Stratford, Connecticut, and Stratford, Ontario. There's the old Skowhegan Fair in Maine and the lobster-eating marathon at the Rockland Lobster Festival.

Don't forget: a visit to the Maine coast isn't a visit at all without a coastal run along the islanded shore in one of the native boats. Unless you're out for a day's charter-fishing party in luxurious privacy, you'll be better off taking some of the special cruises, such as the one that pauses for the Wednesday-evening lobster cookouts at Christmas Cove, or aboard the Magnum, which glides from Boothbay Harbor to Pemaquid Beach for a few lazy hours on the sand. There are rough-it windjammer cruises that make week-long runs from Camden down the coast, stopping at isolated little coves for a swim and at resort harbors for night play.

On the other side of the world, the gleaming South Seas are ready to be relished. If you can spare six weeks, sail in August from the West Coast, to Australia and New Zealand via Tahiti, and return by way of Fiji, Samoa and Hawaii. The round-trip fare to Australia is $937.50.

For further information on any of the above, write to Playboy Reader Service, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.

NEXT MONTH:

"O YOU NEW YORK GIRLS"—A NEW STORY BY THE AUTHOR OF "I LOVE YOU, MISS IRVINE," **JOHN WALLACE**

THE NUDE LOOK—TRANSPARENTLY CLEAR DRESS DESIGNS

LUCK—PORTRAIT OF A SHADY LADY BY **T. K. BROWN III**

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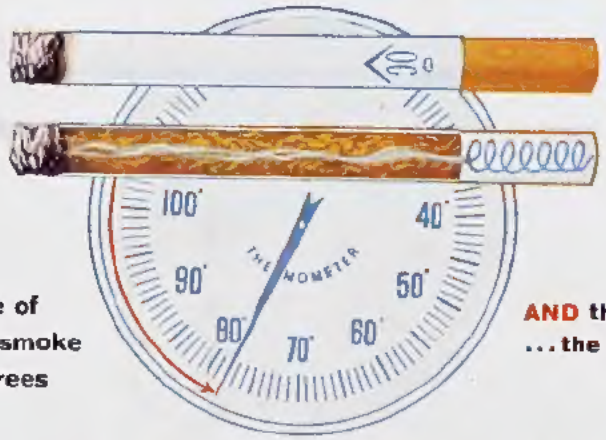

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